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THE FAVORITE CHRISTMAS BOOK

RECITATIONS, MONOLOGUES, DRILLS WITH SONGS, EXERCISES, AND DIALOGUES

FOR ALL AGES

BY

MARIE IRISH

AUTHOR OF

"The Best Drill Book," "The Boys' Entertainer," "Catchy Comic Dialogues," "Children's Comic Dialogues," "The Days We Celebrate," "Good Things for Christmas," "Good Things for Thanksgiving," "Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays," "The Little Folks' Budget," "Little People's Plays," "Patriotic Celebrations," "Surprise Drill Book," and "Tableaux and Scenic Readings."

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

—*Scott*

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

DISCARD

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Note.—All the music called for in this book may be found in "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs," which we will send postpaid upon receipt of price, 15 cents. They are old airs familiar to nearly everyone.

FOREWORD

HE cordial reception given "Good Things for Christmas" has led us to give the public another book of material for Christmas programs. We do not claim that it is especially new because our themes are as old as Christmas itself; but it is freshly written and we trust will aid many teachers and committees in planning successful Christmas entertainments.

To keep alive the Christmas spirit and perpetuate the Christmas customs is to form character and elevate a nation; and this is largely accomplished by the sentiments of the Christmas programs. Therefore we hope that in *your* hands this little book may be an instrument for good. May the hours you spend in training your speakers bring you not only the pleasure of a successful entertainment, but the deeper joy of the character-builder.

The Favorite Christmas Book

PART I.

Recitations and Monologues

WHAT I'LL DO.

For a Little Girl.

If I had lots of money,
Just lots and lots of money,
If I had lots of money
I know what I'd do;
I'd give to all poor girls and boys
Long stockings full of lovely toys,
And fill their homes with Christmas joys—
That is what I'd do.

But since I am so little,
So helpless and so little,
And haven't any money,
I know what I'll do;
I'll pray that some kind, wealthy man
Will carry out my splendid plan,
And make in all homes that he can
Christmas dreams come true.

POOR DOLLY.

For Little Girl Who Carries Badly Battered Doll.

This doll that Santa brought to me
(*Holds doll out to view.*)
Is badly broken as you see;
If the dolly had been stronger,
The story then would have been longer.

DOLLY TIME.

For a Little Girl.

Spring is the time for marbles,
And fall's the time for tops;
Winter is the skating time,
When the mercury drops.
Windy time for flying kites,
A snowy time for coasting;
Summer time for swimming pools,
When the days are roasting.

Warm or cold, stormy or bright,
No matter what the weather,
Girls and dolls can always have
A splendid time together;
All the year is dolly time,
That's the reason, don't you see,
Why there are always dollies
Upon the Christmas tree.

A JOKE ON PA.

For a Small Boy.

The other day pa said to ma,
"I'll get that g-u-n today,
And I'll pick out a s-l-e-d
And have them put away."

He spelled the words right out like that,
Just the way that they used to do—
Forgot that since I go to school
I have learned to spell words, too.

I'll slide on that s-l-e-d,
And say, won't I have lots of fun?
I hope I can kill me a bear
When I get the g-u-n, gun.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of stockings,
Filled up to the brim,
Hanging by the chimney-place,
In the firelight dim.
Sing a song of Christmas trees,
Standing straight and tall,
Loaded with all sorts of gifts
From gold watch to a ball.
Sing a song of Santa Claus,
And say, it is no jest,
Of all saints the world has known
We children love him best.

DOLLY'S PRESENTS.

My dolly has been very good
Throughout all the months of the year;
She has not been naughty or cross,
Never pouted or shed a tear.

She's done what I told her to do,
And stayed where I put her each day;
She always was very polite
When I took her with me to play.

So I'm sure that Santa Claus ought
To bring her some presents this year,
(*Holds up a tiny doll's stocking.*)
But her stocking is so very small
Pray, what can he stow away here?

THE BEST DAY.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November—
Three-sixty-five in all the year,
With one more when Leap Year's here;
And of the lot we're safe to say
The best is Merry Christmas day.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Hark, hark, oh, what a lark!
Christmas is coming right quick;
All the good boys
Will get some nice toys,
And candy to make them sick.

Hark, hark, oh, what a lark!
Christmas is coming right quick;
Girls will get rings,
Cups, dolls and such things,
And picture books large and thick.

Hark, hark, while I remark
Christmas is coming right quick;
On the tall tree
Fine gifts there will be,
But the bad children may get a stick.
(*Shakes finger warningly during last line.*)

A SECRET.

To Be Given By a Little Girl Who Sits Sewing on Doll's Cap.

I'm making a Christmas present
For some one I love very well,
But you mustn't know about it
For fear you might go and tell.

She'll wear it to keep her head warm
When she goes out doors with me;
She's just the dearest, best dolly,
And handsome as she can be.

I don't want my dolly to know
This cap is for her, you see,
So I mustn't tell who it's for,
Nor what it's going to be.

THE BEST MONTH.

Of all the months the long year through,
Good old December, I like you,
'Cause you bring snow and winter weather,
And Merry Christmas all together.

You bring the ice o'er which we glide,
You whiten hills so we can slide,
But best of all is the Christmas fun,
With a tree and gifts for everyone.

Your ice and snow make fingers smart,
But the Christmas spirit warms the heart,
And so of all months the long year through,
I'm fondest, good December, of you.

CHRISTMAS JUST THE SAME.

There is sunshine in the southland,
There are snowdrifts up in Maine;
Wisconsin's lakes of ice are smooth
As a gleaming window pane.
In Wyoming there's a blizzard
Flying briskly through the air,
While California's lovely flowers
Are blooming fresh and fair.

But whether there be ice or flowers,
Whether storms or sunshine gay,
From east to west and north to south
Is kept the Christmas holiday.
From east to west good will abounds,
Merry greetings fill the air,
And whether one is north or south
The Christmas spirit's there.

BUYING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

For a Little Girl.

My pennies I've been saving
For I guess most a year,
To buy some Christmas presents
To give my family dear.

I think that for my papa
A small chair I shall get
That my dolly can sit in
So she won't cry or fret.

And for my mama dear
A tea set I shall buy—
We like to have tea parties,
My little dolls and I.

I'll buy a doll for brother,
The nicest one in town,
With hair all soft and curly,
And lovely eyes of brown.

For grandma I shall purchase
Hair ribbons pink or blue—
Buying Christmas presents is fun,
Don't you think so, too?

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Ten Christmas presents, hanging on a tree so fine;
A book was given to cousin Jim and then there were nine.

Nine gifts—I was so anxious I could scarcely wait;
A dolly went to sister Nell and then there were eight.

Eight gifts on a tree with candles pointing to heaven;
A rattle was for baby Belle, then there were seven.

Seven gifts—I long for mine, alas for Christmas tricks!
Mother got a silver dish and then there were six.

Six presents—to pick out mine eagerly I strive;
An air gun went to brother Ben, then there were five.

Five presents on the tree—I wish there had been more;
Grandma got a breakfast shawl and then there were four.

Four presents hanging there—oh, which one was for me?
A watch was given uncle Jack, then there were but three.

Three presents left and I was feeling sort of blue;
Father got a pair of gloves and then there were two.

Two presents on the tree—my waiting was no fun;
Fanny got a bracelet and then there was one.

One present must be mine—the list is almost done;
Cook got a string of beads and then there was *none*.

And that none was mine—not a single thing for me
Of all the pretty presents on the Christmas tree.

But—I had been dreaming and when I awoke
I found that my sad dream was nothing but a joke.

For I crept down the stairs and in the morning dim
I found a stocking long and plump, filled to the brim—
All for *me!*

RECIPE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

First have the cloud-land fairies
Spread a snowy mantle white
Over hill and plain and valley,
Covering everything in sight.

Then from the forest bring in
A fragrant Christmas tree;
A cedar, pine or balsam
That's green as green can be.

Trim it well and gaily light it,
But leave sufficient space
That each large and tiny present
May have a proper place.

Of course you must have Santa Claus—
He'll come if you invite him,
And he's such a jolly fellow
Be sure you do not slight him.

Then a crowd of merry people,
Hearts that glow, faces that shine,
Lots of good-will and affection—
Your Christmas will be *fine!*

THE BELLS WE LIKE.

(*If possible have some sleigh bells which can be rung during the last stanza by some one behind the scenes.*)

Bells of many kinds there are,
Pealing out their tones afar,
Each with clanging call;
Church bells with a solemn knell,
School bells children must heed well—
Bells both large and small.

Doorbells are a handy thing,
And the telephone's brisk ring
Saves us lots of time;
Fire bells we all dread to hear,
But dinner bells delight the ear
With their welcome chime.

Sleigh bells jingle sweet and clear,
And best of all we like to hear
Santa's sleigh bells gay;
(*Sleigh bells ring.*)
Jingle, jingle on the house top,
Not long does the good saint stop,
(*Bells are silent.*)
Jingle, and he's away,
(*Bells ring.*)
Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Santa hastens away.
(*Bells ring fainter and stop.*)

A WONDERFUL MAN.

A wonderful man is Santa Claus,
A very wonderful man, because
He knows what the children do each day,
And if they are good or bad—folks say.

Sometimes, when Christmas is drawing nigh,
If I am cross and fretfully cry,
My ma says, "Sh-h-h-h, or Santa will hear
And won't bring you any presents this year."

If things don't suit me and I get mad,
And pout and scold and behave real bad,
Ma says, "When Santa sees what you do,
No Christmas presents he'll bring to you."

Now what a wonderful man he must be
If his ears can hear and his eyes can see,
When I'm down here and he—so folks say—
Lives near the North Pole *so far away!*

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

To Be Given By a Boy or Girl Who Can Sing.

We are all happy at our house
As Christmas day draws near;
So happy that somebody's song
Most any time you'll hear.

Grandma sits and smilingly knits,
Christmas presents making,
And sings the old song with a voice
Sweet though somewhat quaking:

(*Sings*)

Tune: *"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks."*

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

(*Speaks*)

Mother prepares for company
The Christmas day will bring,
And as her busy fingers fly
These words you'll hear her sing:

(*Sings*)

Tune: "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

(*Speaks*)

As cook stirs up the Christmas cake,
With a beat and stir and beat,
She sings her song in accents strong,
Merry, if not so sweet.

(*Sings*)

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.

(*Speaks*)

As for me I cannot keep still,
I sing out loud and gay,
In a voice pa says can be heard
A half a block away.

(*Sings*)

Tune: "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

Jolly old Saint Nicholas, lean your ear this way!
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say;
Christmas eve is coming soon; now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me; tell me if you can.

UPON THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Would it not be strange if in the same tree
A gun and a little rabbit should be,
Upon the same branch right side by side,
And poor bunny never trying to hide?
Guns like to kill and the rabbit in fright
Should give a great jump and hop out of sight—
But gun and bunny can nicely agree
When placed side by side on a Christmas tree.

What a monkey would do it is plain to foresee
If for a time he should happen to be
In a tree all hung with pop-corn strings,
And bags of candy and other good things.
He would tear and chew and chatter and grin,
And pull off the presents and act like sin—
Oh, no! for monkeys can angelic be
When tied to the limb of a Christmas tree.

A handsome soldier in uniform fine,
A beautiful lady with eyes that shine,
With wonderful curls, and a smile so sweet
They surely will fall in love when they meet!
Gay soldier and lovely lady you know,
In stories of life are sure to do so—
But, ah, these people quite formal can be
When upon the same bough of a Christmas tree!

Yes, lion and lamb together can stay,
A dog and a cat can be good friends all day;
A fiery steed can be gentle and tame,
And an Indian warrior forget his game;
A princess can smile at a jumping-jack,
The bat can refrain from giving a whack,
And not the least bit of discord you'll see
When all are adorning a Christmas tree.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS.

I love good old Santa Claus,
I think he is a dear,
Not because he brings me books,
And lots of toys each year;
Not for candy, nuts and sled,
Or other gifts so swell—
I am fond of Santa Claus
For something else as well.
'Tis because his good old face
Looks happy, kind and bright,
His jolly smile looks as if
He's going to laugh outright;
Looks as if his heart is full
Of love for girls and boys;
Looks as if he'd joke with us
As well as give us toys.
Looks as if he'd not get cross
No matter what went wrong—
That's why I love Santa Claus
Throughout the whole year long.

A VERY GOOD BOY.

Some boys are naughty and act up bad,
And don't even try to be good,
Or kind and polite and help with the work
As all proper, thoughtful boys should.
They track up the floor and slam the door,
And torment the dog or the cat;
They pull sister's hair and pinch her doll—
But, *my!* I would not act like *that.*

I speak politely, and mind my folks,
I'm quiet, 'cause grandma hates noise,
I carry in wood to help the cook,
And let baby play with my toys;
I don't make faces at sister Nell,
Or throw my books down on the floor,
I comb my hair and work my sums,
And don't say slang words any more.

I used to be naughty sometimes, too,
But now I'm diff'rent, you see.
For most a week nobody could find
A better-behaved boy than me,
'Cause Santa Claus doesn't give presents
To bad boys so I've understood
And I'm wanting so many nice gifts
That I have to be *awful good*.

A LETTER TO SANTA.

Given by a Boy who Carries an Envelope.

BOY—

Can any of you tell me, friends,
(*Holds up envelope.*)
What address shall I write on this
So 'twill safely be delivered,
And not get lost or sent amiss?
I've written to good Santa Claus
And want to send it right away,
But in what city of what state
Is Santa Claus supposed to stay?

VOICE (*in the audience*)—

I suppose you have written to Santa Claus to tell him what presents you want for Christmas.

Boy—

You've guessed wrong. I did not tell him
What presents I should like for mine,
'Cause he's sure to fill my stockings
With dandy things that suit me fine.

I know of three little children,
So poor 'twould almost make you cry;
Wouldn't it be a dreadful shame
If Santa Claus should pass them by?

And I know a poor old man who's got
Rheumatism in his back;
So I've asked Santa if he'll put
Some presents for them in his pack.

A FREE GIFT.

To be Given by a Small Boy.

I wish I could give lots of presents
To people on Christmas Day;
Why, the things that I'd like to give
Would almost fill Santa's sleigh.

I'd buy something splendid for pa,
And for ma and good Uncle Joe,
And for all my uncles and aunts,
And cousins—'bout forty or so.

Then I'd surely give something nice
To ev'ry poor child in the town;
I'd load up a tall Christmas tree
Till the branches were all bending down.

But pshaw! There's no use in wishing;
(*Pulls empty pocketbook from pocket and opens it.*)
My pocketbook's empty you see.
I'll have to give everybody
One gift I can offer that's free.

I'll call a gay "Merry Christmas"
To everybody in sight;
I'll sing it out happy and loud,
And give them a smile big and bright.

"Merry Christmas," I'll shout it with cheer,
"Merry Christmas"—a gift that is free;
"Merry Christmas" and a big smile
Is the present you'll all get from me.

A PRESENT FOR AUNT JANE.

For a Small Boy.

Say, talkin' about Christmas presents, I don't much care what Santa Claus brings me, but I know what I hope to goodness he'll bring Aunt Jane. I just wish he'd bring her a husband—yes, I do. Aunt Jane, she lives to our house and she's an awful bother, she is. She don't see it a tall when I'm behavin' like a nice little good boy, but just let me do the least bit of mischief or forget my manners a little an' she's the first one to see it an' tattle it to pa an' ma an' say, "He's the worst boy I ever did see. He ought to be trained. He'll go to prison when he's big—you just mark my words." Oh, she's a peach, Aunt Jane is! She just worries me worse than our old dog Tige worries our old yaller cat—an' that's a plenty. I certainly do wish Santa Claus would bring her a husband who'd take her away off a long ways from us to live. Say, wouldn't she make him walk chalk? She'd say to him I s'pose like she does to me, "Have you washed your face clean this morning and did you remember to dig out your ears? Have you wiped off your feet so you won't soil the carpet? Don't yell so when you talk. Be sure to keep your nose clean. Sit up straight and don't slouch in your chair," and a whole lot more such

things. I bet she'll make him go to church twice ev'ry Sunday an' he won't dast to giggle none in meetin' either. I hope she'll say to him like she does to me, "My sakes, I don't see how you can eat so much. Your stomach must be made of rubber." An' say, I hope he'll be a real big man 'cause I bet Aunt Jane'll spank him when she gets mad if he ain't. She was goin' to spank me the other day but I run too blame fast for 'er to catch me. Yes, sir, pa an' ma would think I was a real nice boy if it wasn't for Aunt Jane an' the best Christmas present we can have at our house would be a husband who'd take her off our hands. But say, it'd be a mean joke for Santa Claus to play on the man.

CHRISTMAS IS A MERRY DAY.

Oh, Christmas is a merry day,
In spite of certain things,
Such as misfits in the presents
That good old Santa brings.

What if you get a something
That you don't know it's name,
Or can't guess what it's meant for?
Be merry just the same!

And what if you get slippers
When already you've four pair?
What if you get a purple tie
You'll never, never wear?

Oh, Christmas is a merry day!
Don't let it bother you
If you get a scarlet bathrobe
When you wanted navy blue.

What if you get some poky books
When you want a diamond pin?
Say "Christmas is a merry day,"
And say it with a grin.

If when you need a dozen
You don't get a handkerchief
Don't think that's any reason
Why you should sigh with grief.

If some one else should get the gift
You wanted most of all,
Or none your presents suit you,
Don't let your spirits fall;

For Christmas is a merry day
In spite of certain things,
Such as misfits in the presents
That good old Santa brings!

MRS. SANTA'S TRIALS.

Mrs. Santa dropped into a chair and smoothed her ruffled hair, frowning and sighing as she did so. "I'm just sick and tired of this," she said. "Work, work, work, and no honor, no thanks, no pleasure. People are forever praising Santa Claus and telling how splendid and wonderful he is, but I could tell them a few things. (*Rubs hands over face.*) Here I am, getting thinner every day while Santa is getting fatter and rounder and—lazier, if I must say it. Anybody to look at us would know which one of us did the work. People are always saying what a jolly fellow Santa Claus is, but dear me, I guess I might be jolly, too, if I took life as easy as he does. It is no wonder I look old as the hills when I have to do all the worrying—and let me tell you there is an *awful*

lot of it to do! Why, what with all the sugar plum factories to look after, the making of thousands of dolls to oversee, the horn trees to keep pruned, the beds of tops and drums and balls and tea sets to keep weeded, the candy bushes to keep well watered, the perfume tanks to look after, and the picture book mills to keep running—to say nothing of all the rest that must be done—it is a wonder I don't go crazy, so it is! Santa Claus often tells me that he doesn't know what he'd do if he didn't have me to keep things going smoothly—but I know what he'd do. He would get old and thin and cranky and the children would stop singing that song about a jolly old soul is he.

"No, I don't get a bit of honor—whoever heard anybody praising up Mrs. Santa Claus? I guess folks would be surprised if I pinned a note to every present I have helped make and said it was from Mrs. Santa Claus. They would think I was of some importance and Santa wouldn't get so much credit for work he doesn't do. And it just makes me dreadful provoked that he always has the fun of making the Christmas trip with his reindeers while I stay at home. If I want a trip I can take a walk off up toward the North Pole and see if the flags the various discoverers planted there are still growing. And just to think of all the letters that come to 'Dear Santa Claus,' while no one ever thinks of 'Dear Mrs. Santa,' though I always have to look after all the correspondence. (*Sighs.*) Well, I suppose it doesn't do any good to complain, and if I don't go and look after them the workmen will go off on a seal hunt and leave the dolls in the oven so long that they scorch and we have to use them for negro dolls." With another sigh Mrs. Santa smoothed her apron and hurried off to her work, going quietly so as not to wake Santa Claus, who was taking a noonday nap.

WHICH PRESENT WAS IT?

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Wilton. I'm surely glad to see you. (*Aside.*) Now I must thank her for that Christmas present she gave me, but, horrors, I've forgotten what it was! (*Aloud.*) Oh, Mrs. Wilton, I want to thank you for that nice Christmas present you sent me—it was just what I wanted and *so* useful. (*Aside.*) At least I hope it was. Did she give me the pink bedroom slippers? No, Aunt Jane sent them. (*Aloud.*) What? You think it strange I consider it so useful. Well, that is, I mean, you know—of course not exactly *useful* but—you know things are sometimes useful when they are only intended to be ornamental, Mrs. Wilton. (*Aside.*) Dear me, how provoking this is! Did she give me that homely vase that looks like a heathen idol? No, I remember that Bess Jones sent that. (*Aloud.*) Oh, you didn't know it was ornamental? No, I didn't really mean that it was—that is—not *exactly* ornamental, but—well, you know we sort of speak of things as being either useful or ornamental—that is why I spoke as I did. But anyway I want to thank you for it—you know it is always *so* nice to get presents we have been wanting. (*Aside.*) How dreadful it is that I cannot remember what thing she gave me—I could think in a minute if she didn't have me so rattled. My mind is blank as a baby's. (*Aloud.*) What? You are surprised that I wanted it? Why, now Mrs. Wilton, what makes you say that? Of course I am always wanting *nice* things. (*Aside.*) What in the world did she give it to me for if she thought I wouldn't want it? If I could *only* think what she gave me. What were some of the things I got for Christmas? (*Hand to head.*) A—a—this is terrible! I can't think of anything. She has made me lose my mind. (*Aloud, with a little laugh.*) Yes, indeed, it is nice and it is a—pretty color, too, a *pretty* color. (*Aside.*) I'm getting more

foolish every minute. (*Aloud.*) Oh, you say you do not think that *black* is a pretty color! (*Aside.*) Horrors! Was it black? I always did hate that color. (*Aloud.*) Yes, that is—no, you wouldn't really call black a *pretty* color, perhaps, but—you know—that is, don't you think it has a—a—sort of—of genteel distinction? (*Aside.*) Black? It must have been a—a—book. Why, of course I remember that book now. (*Aloud.*) Yes, it was lovely of you to give me that book. It will be a lot of help to me in preparing good things to eat. (*Aside.*) I remember now that I did get a cook book for a present. (*Aloud.*) What? You don't see what Bible verses have to do with cooking. Why—er—well, neither do I, to tell the truth. I was thinking that it was a *cook book* you gave me, Mrs. Wilton. Oh, it was a book of verses entitled "Daily Food from the Bible," you say. Oh, yes! And being about food I got it mixed with a cook book. Of course. Well, I *must* go. Thank you *so* much for the nice book, Mrs. Wilton.

SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming!
I know by the smiles that glad faces wear,
By the spirit of good will in the air,
By the signs of mystery everywhere,
And the packages weary shoppers bear,
I know that Christmas is coming.

Christmas is coming!
I know by gay voices vivacious sound,
By the green wreaths of holly that abound,
By wonderful dolls so stylishly gowned,
And the loads of toys in shops to be found,
I know that Christmas is coming.

Christmas is coming!
I know by the parcels hidden from sight,
By Christmas trees waiting for tinsel and light
Of the waxen candles, red, green and white,
By children being so good and polite,
I know that Christmas is coming.

MAKING PEOPLE MERRY.

I'm trying to have the Christmas spirit by making everybody I can feel happy. Our minister said even the children could help make folks feel glad if we only smiled and said something pleasant, so I'm helping to make every one I can get merry. I think it is a real nice thing to do and I like it. I hope I can say nice things to lots of people. Yesterday when I told my teacher good-bye I said, "I wish you a very merry Christmas, Miss Dean, and I like you even if Charlie Boggs does think you're a cranky, pug-nosed old maid." I guess she hadn't got very merry yet 'cause she wished me merry Christmas real kind of cross-like. Then on my way home I met Mr. Harris, who lives near us, and I smiled as big as I could and said, "I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Harris, and I hope that Santa Claus will bring you a wife." He looked sort of cranky and said, "What do you mean?" So I says, "Why, the ladies at the sewing circle said you are trying your best to find a wife, so I hoped Santa Claus would bring you one." I guess he was in a hurry for he went right off and didn't even wish me a merry Christmas.

Next I met Mrs. Darcy and I thought I ought to try and make her glad, too, so I said, "I wish you a merry Christmas, Mrs. Darcy, and I hope you are feeling better." She looked sort of surprised and answered, "Why, I have not been sick." "Oh," I

said, "I thought you must be, 'cause ma said you were just sick 'cause you couldn't get to be president of the Club." I think she must be better for she walked off as if she wasn't a bit sick. Then the minister came along and I said, "I wish you a merry Christmas," and he smiled and says he hoped I'd have the same, and I told him I hoped that Santa Claus would bring him some of that life. "Life?" he says, puzzled like, "What do you mean?" "Why, some of that kind—I don't know whether it comes in bottles or by the pound, or maybe by the yard—but pa told ma he wished you'd put some life in your sermons." He went off so quick I couldn't tell if I had made him glad by saying something nice to him, but I hope I did.

Last night Tom Walker came to see my sister Mabel. He has been coming a long time and I like him 'cause sometimes he gives me a nickel. So while sister was upstairs putting on stuff out of bottles and boxes to make her look diff'rent from what she really does look, I says to Tom, "I wish you a very merry Christmas and if it wasn't so cold I'd go out to Rollin's sand pit and get you some sand for a present." "Sand? What are you talking about?" he asks. "Why, I heard sister tell Aunt Mary that you need some *sand,*" I told him; "so I'd like to give you some, but anyway I hope you'll have a merry Christmas." Yes, I like to say things to make people happy at Christmas time.

JACK'S BRIGHT IDEA.

To be Given by a Boy.

(*Have a table with a desk telephone—that is, the receiver and a bell to ring—and a chair for him to sit at table.*)

JACK. Christmas is coming on by leaps and bounds and if I don't do a little leaping myself I won't have

any presents bought. I wonder what I shall get for folks this year. (*Walks back and forth as he talks.*) Let me see—handkerchiefs are always nice things to give—they always come in handy; and—oh, yes, calendars make dandy presents, too, and—what else was it I thought of? Oh, yes, fancy dishes—women always like lots of them stuck around. And for my uncles I can get socks and neckties, of course; they are always useful and so easy to buy. I don't see any use of spending a great lot of time running around hunting for presents. Now I wonder which I shall give who. What will Aunt Mary like? I wonder if she'd rather have a nice handkerchief or a fancy dish. (*Thinks.*) Say, I've got it—I'll just telephone and ask her what she'd like. I'm sure the proper thing to do is to let folks say what they'd rather have. Say, that's a bright idea! It will only take a minute to 'phone and find out what they want. I'm sure bright to think of it. I'll 'phone to Aunt Mary. (*Sits and rings.*) Hello, hello, central. Give me one-o-double two-four, please. No, I didn't say w-four; double two-four. Yes. (*Pause.*) Hello, is this you, Aunt Mary? Who? Oh, the maid! What? Gone to town? Oh, you said lying down? Well, if she's lying down—what? Oh, you said you'll call her down? Oh, all right! (*Aside.*) Gee, what's the matter with that girl that I can't understand what she says? She must be chewing gum and eating peanuts while she's trying to talk. (*Talks.*) Hello, this you, Aunt Mary? This is Jack. (*Pause.*) Jack! (*Louder.*) Your loving nephew, Jack. Yes. Yes. Say, Aunt Mary, what do you want for a Christmas present? I thought if you'd give me an idea what you'd like—just an idea, you know. Yes, it's much nicer to give presents that people like, you know. What do you want? You don't know? How would a nice handkerchief—what? You've got a hundred handkerchiefs now? Well, then, I don't think you need any more.

What *do* you want? You don't know? Well, what about a pretty fancy dish? What? Your garret is full of fancy dishes? What? Oh, you got ten of them last Christmas? Well, then, I guess I won't give you a dish. Say, Aunt Mary, how would you like a calendar? Don't you think they're nice? What? You'll never speak to me again if I give you a calendar? Why not? Oh, 'cause you got so many of them last Christmas? Well, what *can* I get for you? What? Did you say gold ring? Oh, you said any old thing! Well, say, if you don't know what you want how can you expect me to know? You want me to pick out something you don't know about so it will be a surprise? Oh, you got a caller and can't talk any longer? Well, all right. Good-bye. (*Rises.*) Now, isn't that provoking? I don't know what to get her and she won't help me a bit. Gee, I wish folks would give me a chance to say what I want!

Women are hard to deal with anyway. I'll call up Uncle Fred and see what he wants. I am sure he will give me some information and that without any hesitation. Men know what they want—but I s'pose women want so much they can't settle on any few articles. Now for Uncle Fred. (*Sits and rings.*) Hello, central. Four-eight-o-two-six. (*Louder.*) Four-eight-o-two-six. Yes. Yes. Hello. (*Louder.*) Hello. Oh, is this you, Uncle Fred? Yes, this is Jack. Oh, I'm fine! Yes. Say, Uncle Fred, what do you want for a Christmas present? Oh, a new automobile? Well, gee whiz, I ain't giving automobiles for presents this year. Who do you take me for—an Astorbilt? Yes, of course it's all right for you to say you want an auto, but what else do you want? A nice black overcoat lined with mink fur? Not to cost less than two hundred and fifty? (*Aside.*) Now isn't he the limit? I'd like such a coat myself, only I'd be quite satisfied with a fifty-dollar one. (*Talks.*) Say, Uncle Fred, can't you come down a

few hundred and think of something I can give you that you'd like? Something like a—a—well, like some nice socks—how would that suit you? I believe in giving something that people want. Oh, you'll skin me alive if I give you socks? Why? Oh, you've had enough given you in past years to last till you die? Oh, all right. Well, what *do* you want? A motor boat? Say, can't you think of something cheap I can give you? What? Pepsin chewing gum? All right. (*Puts down receiver and rises angrily.*) Huh, this must be his funny day. I guess it wasn't such a bright idea to ask folks what they want. I'll buy a lot of post cards and send 'em my love. (*Goes off in disgust.*)

NAN'S CHRISTMAS ARITHMETIC.

Monologue for a Girl.

NAN. Oh, dear, I never have been very strong in arithmetic—it has always been one of my trials since I was in the first grade and had a time learning that one and one make two. And whenever Christmas comes around and I have to grapple with the problem of presents I do have *such* a time with the arithmetic part of it. What? You don't see what arithmetic has to do with Christmas presents? Well, I do. It seems like the whole thing is just one big problem—or rather a whole lot of small problems, and not so small either —in arithmetic. Why, there's addition and subtraction and multiplication and division; and problems in ratio and proportion, and least common multiple, and greatest common divisor, and fractions and taxes and —oh, a lot more things in arithmetic. It just makes my poor head—which wasn't built for numbers—go most crazy.

You don't understand the nonsense I'm talking? Honest now, it isn't nonsense and I can prove it to

you. Take the addition part—I add up all the folks I have to give presents to, and then I add it over again and again trying to make the number come smaller, but it gets big dreadfully quick; and I add up my money over and over and try to make it come out larger—but of course it won't. Then I have *such* a time trying to subtract some of the names from my list that *won't* subtract, and I most go frantic subtracting a dime from this present to add to some other one. Then I begin to multiply the number of presents I must give by the cost, and mercy gracious! I most got nervous prostration trying to make the amount coincide with my pocketbook; so I switch off into division and work at dividing the money I've got by the number of folks I have to buy something for till I'm ready to weep because the answer won't come out even.

The examples in ratio and proportion are among the worst ones because you have to answer things like this: If Aunt Jane gave me a present that cost so much, how much must I pay for something for her? And if I pay so much for a gift for a cousin I don't like a bit because we always quarrel as soon as we get together, how much ought I to pay for something for a cousin I think lots of? Papa is to blame for the problem in least common multiple, because he always wants me to see what the least number of dollars is that will pay for all the presents I must buy; while on the other hand I must dig into greatest common divisor what is the greatest number of gifts I can get out of my various resources.

And say—fractions—I always did hate them! But for weeks before Christmas I worry my head trying to add together a bit of this and a bit of that, for instance a half yard of ribbon and a yard and a half of lace and a little piece of insertion and a bit of narrow ribbon and make it add up into a pretty fancy bag; or I make some lace and edging and some little

ribbon bows fit together into a real sweet breakfast cap for somebody. It is quite surprising how many nice whole things a body can make from fractions of pieces.

And as Christmas draws nearer and nearer papa growls because we ask him for so much money and he declares it is unjust taxation and taxation without proper representation because he says he never gets any of the presents. But I don't try to work that out because I never did like the examples in taxes. But Christmas is *sure* a problem in arithmetic!

THE LITTLE PINE.

In the forest stood a pine tree,
Short and bushy as could be—
Couldn't stretch up straight and high
No matter how he'd pull and try;
Wanted the worst way to be tall,
But time passed on—he still stayed small.
His brothers scoffed and said good-bye
As they towered toward the sky,
The little pine though not to blame
Sighed and sadly drooped with shame.
Then one day just 'fore Christmas time
Came voices gay and sleigh-bells' chime.
"Oh, here's the tree we want," cried one;
"Get out the axes, start the fun.
'Tis round and bushy, not too tall,
With room for presents for us all."
Soon safely loaded on the sleigh
The little pine was borne away,
Shocked and trembling, quite perplexed,
Wondering what would happen next.
But when trimmed up with pop-corn strings,
Tinsel and candles and other things,

And hung with gifts for young and old,
A Christmas tree grand to behold,
The pine said as joy filled each bough,
"Wish my brothers could see me now."

GIVING AND GETTING.

Two things are often talked about
  At this time of the year,
And when 'tis not of what we'll get,
  'Tis of what we'll give you'll hear.

While what we'll give and what we'll get
  Is thus our great concern,
There is a lesson, boys and girls,
  That we can wisely learn.

'Tis not at Christmas time alone
  That we all get and give;
For this exchange is also made
  Each day that we may live.

For we give to those about us
  Either merry looks or sad;
We are either cross or pleasant,
  Give greetings sour or glad.

We give coldness or affection,
  Kind words or those that pain;
And as for getting, what we give
  Is what we're sure to gain.

If we give love and merry smiles,
  'Tis love and smiles return;
Just what we give we're sure to get—
  This lesson we should learn.

SANTA'S SOLILOQUY.

Old Santa Claus sat down beside
His cozy fire one frosty eve,
And said, "'Tis high time I decide
What presents I had better leave
For this and that and t'other child—
Some proper gift each should receive.

"To Johnnie Green I think I'll give
A generous portion of Speed,
He is very slow at figures,
Slow when he has to write or read;
Late for breakfast, slow at errands,
Slow to mind—oh, he's slow indeed!

"Ted Norton needs some Memory,
His surely isn't any good;
He forgets to chop the kindlings.
Forgets to bring in water and wood;
Forgets to put his books away,
Or hang his cap up where he should.

"To Henry Evans I shall give
Some Manners—he doesn't know how
To say "Please," "Thank you," "Excuse me,"
He can't make a courteous bow;
He talks too loud and slams the doors—
He needs manners and he needs them *now*.

"Sue Brown I'll give some Good-nature,
She is cross—oh, mercy, oh, me!
She frets and she scolds and grumbles,
And she pouts—you just ought to see;
But she'll be more pleasant and smiling
When she gets some good nature from me.

"I'll give Bessie White some Promptness;
To keep putting off is her style,
She will do her tasks 'by and by,'
Or she'll study 'after awhile';
Often she'll wait 'till tomorrow'—
A Put-off is surely a trial."

Thus Santa mused one cold night,
As he sat by the fire at his ease,
And he chuckled, "I wonder how
The boys and girls it would please
If I should really give them
Such nice Christmas presents as these."

THE GOOD DAYS OF THE YEAR.

Isn't it fine to be alive
In this good old world of ours,
With the ice and snow of winter,
And summer's beautiful flowers?

Though the days all seem good to me
Every once in awhile
Comes one that is something special,
To be enjoyed in due style.

Children certainly like valentines,
'Tis fun to give and to get them;
Then on his birthday boys recall
The example G. W. set them.

We like April first and its jokes;
We enjoy each year anew
The day when we honor the soldiers,
And their graves with flowers strew.

July the fourth is a favorite
With all of the girls and boys,
Because they're fond of drums and flags,
And of fire crackers' popping noise.

In autumn comes gay hallowe'en
When we dress in ghostly styles,
Endeavor to read the future,
And make merry with witches' wiles.

November brings a day we love,
Our national Thanksgiving,
When we give thanks, our blessings count,
And are glad that we are living.

Then last but surely best of all
Christmas comes with merry cheer,
And Santa makes us happy at
The closing of the year.

Oh, yes, 'tis fine to be alive
To enjoy these days, and then
When each of them has come and gone
The year starts over again.

MISS SUSAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Miss Susan. W'y, do come in, Philander, an' have a chair. I ain't seen you sence the las' time I set eyes on you an' that's a real consid'rable spell o' time. You won't mind, now, will you, Philander, if I keep right on workin'? Yes, I'm awful busy—makin' Christmas presents, but I kin talk jes' as well's if I wasn't sewin'. 'Taint much of a woman, sez I, that can't work 'er tongue an' 'er fingers at the same time. No, you won't bother me the least mite an'

I'll injoy makin' this all the better 'cause you're here. I s'pose you wonder what it's goin' to be—well, it's a slipper case for my brother Sam—the one who lives over to Podunk. He's an awful hand to throw his slippers down on the floor for somebody to pick up, an', sez I, that piece o' silk, like the dress I had made to wear to the Christmas entertainment in the town hall, when I had to speak a piece, will make a real nice slipper case. I was only eighteen when I spoke that piece but I remember yet how proud I was o' that dress. It was awful long an' I was 'fraid I'd forgit a part of it—what's that? Fergit part my dress? W'y, land sakes, I'm talkin' 'bout the piece I spoke bein' long, an' I made an awful lot o' motions in it. Folks said they was dreadful fine an' one part that was real sad I spoke so affectin' that it made some of 'em cry, an' ol' Mis' Barnes was mad at me a whole week, 'cause she said I made 'er heart trouble worse, I'm kind o' worried fer fear Sam'll use this case to put away his garden seeds he's savin' to plant nex' spring er somethin' like that an' continue to throw his slippers in the corner same as ever. I'm goin' to pin a little poem to it that sez:

A man by the name of Sam
On the floor his slippers would slam;
So I send you this case,
An' hope you'll have grace,
To keep the slippers here in their place.

What's that? You remember how I used to write po'try when I was a girl? Lan' sakes, yes, it's allus been easy for me. I've writ pomes on most ev'ry subject, love an' war an' weddin's an' fun'rals, an' birds an' my pet cow I used to have an' sunset an' spring an' I don't know what all. I writ one 'bout Sim Tuttle's red hair that made 'im awful mad. It begun "Oh, glorious sunset hue, a beacon light be you," but Sim couldn't see nothin' fine about it.

I've made a real lot of Christmas presents already. I think it's nice to make 'em 'cause it's so nice to sit an' work for folks an' sew er knit a lot o' affection along in with the stitches. An' course it's cheaper, too, than to buy 'em. If I'd bought some new slippers fer Sam they'd cost a dollar or more; but by makin' a case to keep his old ones in it ain't cost me a cent. An' o' course I think jes' as much o' Sam as if I'd bought the slippers an' I've got my dollar left to pay taxes with.

I like to give a real lot o' presents 'cause it's more blessed to give than to receive. I've made a whole dozen holders—ol' stockin' legs is fine for 'em an' when they have sort o' a fancy cover it don't matter 'bout their humble insides. An' I've made bags an' dusters an' cushions an' handkerchiefs an' crocheted things an' knit 'em an' I've made an' awful nice necktie—for a man, you know—that I ain't decided yet who I'll give it to. It'd match your looks real well, Philander, but o' course I don't suppose you'd care 'bout it—you've got so many I s'pose—an' I don't s'pose it'd look jes' right fer me to give it to you—not but what I'd mean all right, but some folks'd be sure to talk. Oh, you'd be awful glad to have it? You like it 'cause I made it? Well, now that's real fine in you, Philander, an' if I give it to you, you'll know who it's from—a red one with green squares worked into it. But I dunno, Philander, as I best give it to you, after all, 'cause, come to recall 'bout it, my cousin onct removed on my father's side — Lucy Barcom by name — did that very same thing; gave a man a necktie fer Christmas an' then if he didn't perpose to 'er an' she married 'im an' made 'im a good wife as long's she lived. An' they do say I'm quite a bit like 'er, if she was only a cousin onct removed.

What? You'd like me to give you the necktie an' then fer us to git married? W'y, lan' sakes, Philander, if you are tryin' ter perpose to me you needn't be so skeered 'bout it. Ask an' ye shall receive. You

needn't feel timid, 'cause I made up my mind quite a spell ago that I'd marry you if you got up courage ter let me know how you felt. I do think *Christmas* is a lovely time—it makes you feel so sort o' lovin' an' I think it's jes' fine that you want me fer a Christmas present. I'll give myself to you, Philander, an' though it's more blessed to give then to receive I hope you won't git the worst o' the bargain. Ma used to say, sez she, "Susan'll make a real good wife if he don't mind 'er looks an' 'er talkin' so much." Yes, I'll be your present an' this is the verse that goes with me:

I give my lovin' heart to thee,
Take me, Philander, sech as I be;
I'll be your seamstress, cook an' nurse,
Fer better or fer worse.

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

The ceremonies in memory of the birth of Christ were held by the church in the early centuries after the Saviour's death and usually lasted for a number of days. Though originally a religious service, Christmas ceremonies later came to include merry-making and a day of joy and good will. The origin of the Christmas tree is not known. The ancient Egyptians held a winter festival and at that time made a practice of decorating their homes with branches of the palm. During mediæval times there was a tradition that holiness invested an illuminated tree; but the first historical record of a Christmas tree dates back to about 1600 when the city of Strassburg, Germany, made use of Christmas trees. For years this custom was continued along the Rhine, but it was not until about 1800 that Christmas trees were used throughout Germany. A few years later they were becoming popular in other parts of the world. The first Christmas tree in America is believed to have been used in New Amsterdam.

The custom of a Santa Claus originated in Holland. The evening of December 25th, known as St. Nicholas Eve, was made a time of pleasure for the children and during the evening a St. Nicholas went from house to house, greeting the children and giving them candies. When the children went to bed they left their wooden shoes by the door, filled with oats and carrots for the horse of St. Nicholas. In the morning the oats were gone and in the wooden shoes were gifts for the children. Santa Claus and the giving of presents were introduced into America by the early Dutch settlers of New York; but the Puritans of New England were opposed to the custom and forbade by law the observance of Christmas as it was considered pagan. Even after the Christmas customs became general in New England the old Puritans would not allow their families to participate in them. It was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that the last traces of opposition vanished.

In England, during the reign of King Charles the First, the court celebrations of Christmas were carried out with great ceremony, splendor and expense—the cost often amounting to thousands of dollars. Plays were written by the most noted authors and a long list of officers and actors were appointed to take charge of the ceremonies. The festivities lasted until the twelfth night after Christmas; the court celebrations were copied by the outside people and England held high carnival.

The use of candles at Christmas time probably comes from the old custom of burning candles at the ancient Jewish Feast of Lights which was held about Christmas time; though some writers claim that the Christmas candles are a survival of the large Yule candle which was used in the early Christian centuries as a sign that the light had come into the world.

The custom of using holly at the winter festivals is of great antiquity. There are more than a hundred

and fifty varieties of holly and some species are to be found in every country on the globe. Holly was used by the pagans in celebrating their festivals and later by the early Christians during the Christmas ceremonies.

In America, turkey or roast goose is the favorite Christmas meat, but in England, beef is the usual choice. This is the outgrowth of an ancient ceremony used by the Druids who each winter offered a sacrifice of two white bulls when the mistletoe was gathered from the sacred oak. The beef was originally eaten as a reminder of the sacrifice, but though this significance long since died out, the fondness for beef at Christmas time remains.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS.

Though December brings the snow and sleet,
It also brings the Christmas treat.

Speak loving words on Christmas day,
  Be kind and smiling, too;
Then just keep right on smiling
  Each day the long year through.

A little smile, a word of cheer,
A bit of love from some one near,
A little gift from one held dear,
Best wishes for the coming year—
  These make a merry Christmas.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
  A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
  To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
  Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
  To fill the world with light.

—*Bryant.*

Hang up the boughs of fragrant pine,
Upon the walls the myrtle twine,
Decorate with wreaths of holly,
To make our Christmas bright and jolly.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay now born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight, centuries ago!

—*Domett.*

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
Now sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills.
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

—*Sears.*

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

—*Mrs. Alexander.*

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—*Shakespeare.*

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymn we bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
He'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—*Scott.*

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on him our humanity,
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

The ox is host in Juda's stall,
And host of more than only one,
For Mary holdeth close withal
Our Lord, her little son.

PART II.

Songs, Exercises, Drills and Marches

THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

For One Boy or Girl.

Tune: "Softly Now the Light of Day."

Two poor newsboys went to see
A well-loaded Christmas tree;
As they gazed at it, just so,
(*Throws up hands, mouth open, eyes staring.*)
One small boy said: O! O! O!

But the other boy as he
Gazed upon that Christmas tree,
Broke the silent magic spell,
Saying: (*Speaks*) "Gee, but ain't it swell!"

As he looked with eager eye,
One boy gave a wistful sigh;
But the other boy, said he:
(*Speaks*) "Say, which presents is for me?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY.

For a Number of Boys and Girls.

Tune: "The Rainy Day."

I.

The winds may whistle shrill and cold,
(*Arms close to body, hands grasping opposite elbow, shiver.*)
The winter skies be gray;
(*Points up, as to sky.*)
But with a heart of joy we'll greet
(*Step forward with right foot, hands extended.*)
The merry Christmas day.

CHORUS.

Then clap, clap, clap together,
(*Left hand in front of chest, palm up, bring right hand down and strike left on each "clap."*)
Drive care away;
We'll smile and smile and laugh, ha, ha!
(*Smile and bow on each "smile" and say "ha, ha!" with a laugh.*)
On merry Christmas day.

II.

Some naughty child may frown or cry,
(*Look cross and rub eyes.*)
But we don't act that way;
(*Touch chest with right hand, shake head, no.*)
We're storing up our joy and cheer
(*All take hold of hands and swing hands back and forth happily.*)
For merry Christmas day.

CHORUS.

III.

Though that boy's (*All point.*) begging for a watch,
And that girl (*All point to girl.*) wants a ring,
We're going to like whatever gifts
(*Touch chest with right hand, nod head, yes.*)
Good Santa Claus may bring.

CHORUS.

IV.

And if we find some boy or girl
(*Look to right and left as if searching.*)
Whose life is sad and drear,
We're going to help old Santa Claus
Bring them some Christmas cheer.
(*Hands to pockets and then held forward as if showing packages.*)

CHORUS.

CHORUS *is same each time.*

OLD CHRISTMAS DOLLS.

Four Little Girls.

(Each little girl wears a plain old dress, their hair hangs straight and unkempt. Bess has one arm all wound up in a cloth bandage and has a dark piece of cloth pasted over one eye, held in place with adhesive plaster; Nell has a cloth bound around her head and has one foot done up in cloth; Sue has her face powdered perfectly white and has a patch pasted on one cheek; Angeline has one arm inside her dress waist with the sleeve hanging empty. They walk onto the stage in stiff-legged manner and make movements very mechanically. When Nell is mentioned she points to herself and each of the others points to her—the same motions being used with each of the others.)

Tune: "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

Poor old Christmas dolls are we—
  Came last Christmas day,
And the troubles we have had
  We can scarcely say;
Bumps and thumps and dreadful falls,
  Almost killed us dead!
Bess has got a splintered arm,
  Nell a broken head.

Sue was left out in the rain,
  Washed her paint all off;
Poor thing caught a horrid cold,
  And a hacking cough.
Angeline has lost an arm—
  A big dog one day
Carried her out in the yard,
  Chewed her arm away.

Once we had such lovely curls,
And our eyes were bright;
Now we are so old and worn
We're a dreadful sight;
Bess has had an eye punched in,
Nell has lost her toe—
Oh, we're poor old Christmas dolls
New one year ago!

And when we are bumped and thumped
Or are throwed about,
We most always pleasant be—
Never cry or pout;
Though we've always been good dolls
Now our mothers say
They want Santa Claus to bring
New dolls Christmas day.

WELCOME, CHRISTMAS DAY.

(*For a number of children who are divided into two divisions, the first to sing the lines marked* 1ST DIVISION *and the other to join in the rest of the words. Or it can be sung by one child and all the others joining in on the other lines.*)

Tune: "If You Have a Pleasant Thought."

I.

1ST DIVISION—
It is coming very soon,
ALL—
Christmas, Christmas!
1ST DIVISION—
Let us sing a joyful tune,
ALL—
Welcome, Christmas day.

1ST DIVISION—
Let the bells with merry sound,
Swing and sway the world around,
Let Good-will and Love abound,
ALL—
Welcome, Christmas day.

CHORUS—*by all.*
Merry Christmas, Christmas day,
Let mirth drive dull care away;
With a smile and greeting gay
Welcome Christmas day.

II.

1ST DIVISION—
It is loved by one and all
ALL—
Christmas, Christmas!
1ST DIVISION—
Humble homes and mansions tall
ALL—
Welcome Christmas day.
1ST DIVISION—
Gather holly and the pine,
For the garlands we must twine,
Let the waxen candles shine,
ALL—
Welcome, Christmas day.
CHORUS.

III.

1ST DIVISION—
Someone's coming Christmas eve,
ALL—
Santa, Santa;
1ST DIVISION—
Gifts for you and me he'll leave,

ALL—
Good old Santa Claus!
1ST DIVISION—
With his great sled loaded high,
From the North he's drawing nigh,
He will find you by and by—
ALL—
Good old Santa Claus.
CHORUS.

IV.

1ST DIVISION—
'Tis the best day of the year,
ALL—
Christmas, Christmas;
1ST DIVISION—
With our friends and loved ones dear,
ALL—
We keep Christmas day.
1ST DIVISION—
But of selfishness beware,
We our love and cheer must share,
Bring to some heart filled with care
ALL—
A glad Christmas day.
CHORUS.

TWO LETTERS.

For Two Children.

(*Each child carries a letter* G *cut from pasteboard and covered with bright paper or evergreen. The letters are held down at side so as not to be seen until raised.*)

BOTH CHILDREN—
Two little letters here have we

FIRST CHILD (*raising letter*)—
A "G"

SECOND CHILD (*raising letter*)—
And another "G";

BOTH CHILDREN—
And each stands for a Christmas word.
Who knows what those words can be?

FIRST CHILD—
The "G" I show you stands for Get,
And, oh, what fun on Christmas day
To get the presents Santa brings—
Toys and books, a doll and sleigh.

SECOND CHILD—
The "G" I'm holding stands for Give,
And though we all like to get,
There's a pleasure found in giving
That makes us happier yet.

BOTH CHILDREN—
Two little letters here have we,

FIRST CHILD—
A "G,"

SECOND CHILD—
And another "G";

BOTH CHILDREN—
If we only think of getting
How selfish we shall be;
But if we also love to give
The true Christmas spirit have we.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

(For nine children, each of whom wears around the neck a bell about ten inches long, cut from pasteboard and covered with red paper, while on each bell is fastened a letter cut from stiff paper and covered with green paper or evergreen, the nine letters to spell Christmas. The children come onto stage one at a time, number two coming on after number one has spoken.)

First Child—
The bells ring out at Christmas time
To cheer us with their merry chime.

Second Child—
Ring, merry bells, ring out and say
That all should keep the Christmas day.

Third Child—
Ring out and let your tones repeat
The Christmas message, old and sweet.

Fourth Child—
Ring cheer to each home in the land,
Humble cottage and mansion grand.

Fifth Child—
Ring sorrow out, ring care away,
Let all be merry on Christmas day.

Sixth Child—
Ring out the greed of selfish mind,
Ring in a love for all mankind.

Seventh Child—
Repeat the angels' song again,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

EIGHTH CHILD—

Ring over hills and 'cross the plain,
That all may hear the glad refrain.

NINTH CHLID—

Ring out, ring out, with world-wide call,
A merry Christmas to one and all.

ALL SING—

Tune: "Twinkle, Little Star."

Oh, we love the Christmas bells,
Ringing, swinging Christmas bells;
Far and wide their sweet tones say,
"Keep the Merry Christmas day."
Ringing, swinging, Christmas bells,
Clanging, clinging Christmas bells.

Oh, these bells a message bring,
As at Christmas time they ring;
Bring a message from above,
"Let your hearts be filled with love."
Ringing, swinging, Christmas bells,
Clanging, clinging, Christmas bells.

THE PLEA OF THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

An Exercise for Three Little Boys and Three Girls.

FIRST GIRL—

If I were a bright shining sled
  Which Santa was going to bring
To some little boy for Christmas
  I would coax him like everything
Not to be given to any boy
  Who'd carelessly leave me at night
Out in the storms my irons to rust
  And my paint to fade out of sight.

First Boy—
If I were a nice picture book
Which Santa was planning to leave
Among some little girl's presents
On his journey this Christmas eve
I would beg him not to give me
To a girl who'd throw me about,
And get my clean pages dirty,
Or tear my bright pictures out.

Second Girl—
If I were a fine long tin horn
In Santa's big pack stowed away,
To be put in some one's stocking
For a present on Christmas day,
I would ask him not to leave me
With one of those naughty boys
Who toot and toot, and toot and toot,
Till they drive folks crazy with noise.

Second Boy—
If I were a dainty tea set,
Trimmed with gilt and flowers gay,
To be given to some little girl
By kind Santa on Christmas day,
I'd ask him if he'd please find
A girl who would sure keep me clean,
And not let me get chipped and cracked
Till I didn't look fit to be seen.

Third Girl—
If I were a sack of candy,
To be hung on a Christmas tree,
And presented to some little boy,
I'd tell Santa not to give me
To one who'd not share me with others,
But selfishly eat me until
I quickly had all disappeared,
And the boy had made himself ill.

THIRD BOY—

If I were a charming dolly,
With beautiful eyes and soft curls,
I'd say, "Oh, Santa, don't leave me
With any of those careless girls
Who'll let my hair get all tousled,
Or will roughly throw me about
Till my head and limbs are broken
And my sawdust sadly leaks out."

ALL—

Oh, if we were nine Christmas gifts,
To be given to girls and boys,
We'd *beg* to be left with those
Who like to take care of their toys;
Not those who are rough and careless,
But those who are gentle and kind,
Who'd keep us in first-class condition—
Such *children* we'd all hope to find!

THE CHRISTMAS GROUCH.

Five Children.

GROUCH (*In complaining tone.*)—

Why does Christmas always appear
In the same old month of the year;
And isn't it a tiresome fate
That it always comes the same old date?
It seems to me it's very strange
If Santa Claus can't give us a change.

SECOND CHILD—

Huh, wouldn't it be a foolish thing
If Christmas came in the rainy spring?
And think how every one would sigh
If Christmas came in hot July!
(*All the other children except* GROUCH.)
Just let the date of Christmas be
Or you will get into trouble with me!

GROUCH—

Isn't it sort of childish play
To hang up stockings the same old way?
Won't it bring a frown to your face
As you hang them in the same old place?
I've got a notion in my head
That I'll hang up my shoes instead.

THIRD CHILD—

Speaking of grouches, you're surely one!
Hanging up stockings is *great fun,*
And Christmas morning I fairly shout
As I pull the presents out.
(*All the others pointing finger at* GROUCH.)
Shame on you, that you don't believe
In hanging up stockings Christmas eve!

GROUCH—

Isn't it foolish as it can be
To cry "Merry Christmas" to all you see?
You'd think there's no trouble anywhere
The way "Merry Christmas" floats on the air.
It's really tiresome how all the day
Folks call "Merry Christmas" the same old way.

FOURTH CHILD—

Well, I think it's fine if for one day
People can hide their cares away,
And with a hearty welcome greet
All of the friends they happen to meet.
(*The others, smiling at* GROUCH.)
Forget your trials and be gay,
You grouch, on Merry Christmas day!

GROUCH—

And don't your presents make you fret
When they're not what you hoped to get?
Who wants books as dry as a stick,
Or candy enough to make one sick?
Who wants the presents Santa brings?
They're sure to be the same old things.

FIFTH CHILD—

We're tired of hearing you complain—
You must have a melancholy brain!
No more grumbling we want to hear;
Christmas is the best day of the year.

(*The others, waving at* GROUCH *and motioning him away.*)

You can't stay here. Depart, depart!
Get the Christmas spirit in your heart.
Don't let us see any more of you
Till you can boost for Christmas, too.
(*They push* GROUCH *from stage.*)

'Rah for Christmas in December cold,
The 25th day, same as of old;
'Rah for Santa Claus, jolly old man,
With sled and reindeer—same old plan.
Give us a Merry Christmas day
And we'll enjoy it the same old way!

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Fifteen Children.

(*Two children carry stars of gilt paper fastened to a wire. The effect is pretty if each child has two or three stars, the wire being of several small strands twisted together, loose at the upper end to form three branches, each with a star at the end. Stars should be rather small and gilt on both sides. Being attached to the wire they will wave slightly which gives a good effect. Three children carry wreaths of holly or evergreen. Three carry bells made of bright red paper which should be fastened to a wire or a slender stick. Three carry empty stockings, two carry candles and two are to represent sticks of candy. These should wear a thin cap or hood tied on so that it cannot slip*

about, and to this is firmly fastened, with hat pins, a circle of pasteboard about fifteen inches across, from which hang breadths of old white cloth or crepe paper reaching to the floor with holes for the eyes. Starting at the top of head a strip of red cloth or crepe is wound spirally around the white and well fastened with pins. The white should be made like a pillow slip open at both ends so as to conceal the child.)

Enter two with stars.

FIRST—

Above the darkened hill and plain
The stars of heaven twinkle bright,
As if they would at Christmas time
Help set the world aglow with light.

SECOND—

Above the darkened hill and plain
The stars of heaven seem to say
That the earth should glow with brightness
Upon the blessed Christmas day.

BOTH—

Oh, stars of heaven, as you shine
Fill our hearts with kindly love,
That we may reflect the brightness
Of your rays from the skies above.

(*While they speak the stars are held forward and rather high. During the following lines they are held in left hand which rests against right shoulder.*)

Enter three with wreaths.

(*They stand in front of the two with stars.*)

FIRST—

Bring in the greens at Christmas,
Hang the glossy wreaths in place;
These boughs from glade and forest
The Christmas scenes should grace.

SECOND—

Bring in the greens at Christmas,
Hang up the holly and pine,
For there glows a Yuletide spirit
In each garland we entwine.

THIRD—

Bring in the greens at Christmas,
For the day deserves the best;
Homes mutely glow with sentiment
When with verdant wreaths they're dressed.

ALL—

Bring in the greens at Christmas,
As the pealing joy bells ring;
Let them shed their festal charm
While Christmas carols we sing.

Enter the three with bells.

(*They stand in front of those with wreaths.*)

FIRST—

Oh, ring the bells at Christmas,
Ring them loud and clear;
Let them say with merry peal
That the Christmas time is here.

SECOND—

Oh, ring the bells at Christmas,
Ring and let their sweet tones say
That nations far and near should be
Filled with cheer on Christmas day.

THIRD—

There are church bells and school bells,
There are bells both large and small,
But, oh, the Merry Christmas bells
Are the nicest bells of all.

ALL—

Oh, bells in turret and tower,
Oh, bells, whether large or small,
Ring out and merrily say
Christmas bells are the best of all.

(*The eight who are now on stage form a semicircle with the stars at the center, two wreaths and a bell being on one side of them and two bells and a wreath on the other side. The wreaths and bells are held with right hand resting against left shoulder.*)

Enter three with stockings.

(*They stand in line in front of the semicircle.*)

FIRST—

Don't forget the Christmas stockings,
Hang them up on Christmas eve,
Leave them waiting gaunt and limp,
Their load of gifts to receive.

SECOND—

Hang up the Christmas stockings,
Stockings long and deep and wide;
Doesn't matter 'bout the color
If they hold a lot inside.

THIRD—

Hang up the Christmas stockings
By the chimneys in a row,
And oh, what fun next morn to find
Them filled from top to toe.

ALL—

We hope that on Christmas morning
There will be for each girl and boy
A stocking plumb full of presents
And a heart full of Christmas joy.

Enter the two sticks of candy.

(*They stand, one at either side of the three with stockings.*)

FIRST STICK—

What would Christmas be without candy?
Children all think it is fine and dandy;
Chocolate, cocoanut, peppermint, fudge,—
It all is good so the children judge.

SECOND STICK—

Yes, children like the Christmas candy,
Just give them all that you have handy;
And we would ask you not to slight
The candy sticks striped red and white.

THE OTHER CHILDREN—

Oh, oh, you gaily striped candy stick,
The children could eat you till they're all sick!

Enter two with candles.

(*One stands at each end of the front row and these seven stand to form a semicircle just in front of the other one.*)

FIRST CANDLE—

The Christmas candles brightly glow,
  Shining with a golden ray,
Shedding beams on festive scenes
  While the world keeps holiday.

SECOND CANDLE—

The Christmas candles brightly glow,
  Symbol of the love supreme
Which from each heart at Christmas time
  Shines forth with kindly beam.

ALL—

The Christmas candles brightly glow,
Shining with a constant light,
That though small they each may help
Make the Christmas time more bright.

(The stanzas to be given in concert should be given by all of the children who are on the stage at the time.)

ALL SING—

Tune: "Flag of the Free."

(Both lines march sidewise as they sing, moving one foot to the side then bringing the other foot sidewise to where the first foot was; the front row going to the right until they cannot go any farther and then going to the left, back across stage to the other side, while the back line goes to the left and then back across stage to the right. As they march they hold the wreaths and whatever is carried, quite high. On reaching the sides of stage after going back across, the leaders will lead the files to form circles, the back line standing in a small circle and marching from left to right, while the front line marches around them from right to left. Then the back line passes single file down side of stage, across back and off at other side, the front line following them.)

I.

Shine Christmas stars and shed thy ray
Till comes the dawning of glad Christmas day;
Ring Christmas bells with merry chime,
Peal forth thy music at gay Christmas time;
Hang up the wreaths and garlands of green,
Bring forth the candles to brighten the scene;
Hang up the stockings large and small,
Santa is coming with presents for all.

II.

Oh, merry day, glad Christmas day,
When hearts are happy and King Love holds sway;
The joy bells ring as voices sing
Hail and all hail to the glad Christmas day.
Stockings of presents and hearts full of joy,
Sticks of sweet candy for each girl and boy;
Oh, ring, bells ring, as voices sing,
Hail and all hail to the glad Christmas day!

THE FLAG AT CHRISTMAS.

For Nine Children.

(Three children each carry a wreath covered with holly or evergreen; the other six each carry a flag the staff of which is wound with red and green crepe paper, there being a small bow at the top of the staff from which float three narrow streamers of the paper. The children stand on the stage in groups of three, a child with a wreath and two with flags in each group. The three best speakers of the nine should give the verses and all should speak the refrain. During the first stanza the wreath in each group is held slightly forward in front of the child, the two with flags standing one on either side and holding flags with staffs perpendicular, one at each side of wreath.)

First Child—

Hang up the Christmas garlands,
So fresh and glossy green;
Let brightly glowing candles
Light up each festive scene;
But let our country's banner
The Christmas revels grace—
The emblem of our liberty
Deserves an honored place.

ALL (*as flags are held high and waved*)—
Oh, ring the Christmas bells, ring, ring!
And Christmas carols gaily sing,
While loyally the flag we bring,
And o'er the scene its colors fling,
As to its folds we homage pay
On Christmas day, on Christmas day.

SECOND CHILD (*the two of each group with flags kneel and cross the staffs of the flags just below the wreath thus*):

Hang up the shining tinsel,
And festoons of green and red,
Let dainty Christmas blossoms
Their charm and fragrance shed;
But the good old stars and stripes
We also want to see—
Let the dear red, white and blue
Float o'er each Christmas tree.

(*Refrain is given as before, those with flags waving them as they kneel.*)

THIRD CHILD (*the two with flags rise, the one with wreath in each group kneels and the staffs of flags are crossed above wreath*)—

Christmas is the day of peace,
And of national good will;
The value of these blessings
This banner will instill.
Remember that our Christmas
Can never merry be
Unless this flag floats proudly
O'er a peaceful land and free!

(*Refrain is given as before with the three who have wreaths standing side by side, those with flags standing in line just back of the three and waving the flags above the heads of those with wreaths.*)

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS OF OTHER LANDS.

For Nine Children.

FIRST CHILD—

In Holland for many and many a year
Has the Santa Claus been seen to appear;
Each child sets his wooden shoes close by the door,
Santa fills them with gifts from his bountiful store;
But to hang up stockings suits me better by far—
Just think how lengthy the stocking legs are!

SECOND CHILD—

The homes of France serve a feast on Christmas eve,
From the well-filled table each must food receive,
Visitors and servants, the stranger at the door—
E'en the cat is fed till she can eat no more.
Each a portion of the Christmas loaf must taste,
And some called "God's share" for charity is placed.

THIRD CHILD—

In the land of Sweden at Christmas time you'll find
The people have a custom quaint and also kind;
A sheaf of grain is nailed to a pole raised in the air,
In front of each home that the birds may feast there.
'Tis a pretty custom and shall we not say
The birds are also merry on Christmas day?

FOURTH CHILD—

In every German home at Christmas time you'll see
The gaily trimmed branches of the Christmas tree.
Often Knecht Rupert with presents in a sack
Travels round and gives good children gifts from his pack;
But those who've been bad or played some naughty trick
Get only a present of a willowy stick.

FIFTH CHILD—

In Spain whether poverty or riches abound
In each home the Bethlehem manger is found;
A rocky hillside is built on a table,
Showing the inn and near it the stable,
With the Babe in the manger and Mary close by,
And the cattle that gaze with curious eye;
The shepherds stand near, their devotions to pay,
And the Star to the Babe sends a bright golden ray.

SIXTH CHILD—

In Wales the custom's still kept as of yore
By the groups of singers who pass from door to door,
Pausing here and there Christmas Carols to sing,
Then refrains are sung by the people within;
The singers are asked to enter for a treat,
And are served with dishes of Christmas dainties sweet.

SEVENTH CHILD—

In Norway still is cherished an old belief
That on Christmas eve the Christ-child seeks relief;
Through the drifts of snow or in the cold and sleet,
Along the country lanes or in the city street,
He looks for windows with lighted candle there,
For such homes their substance are willing to share.

EIGHTH CHILD—

In homes of England long has it been the rule
To place importance on bringing in the Yule;
This great Christmas log is proudly borne along
With jest and laughter, with shout and merry song;
As it blazes, Yule candles shed their mellow ray,
And people eat plum pudding on Christmas day.

NINTH CHILD—

Christmas in America is best of all;
Here we have our Christmas trees stately and tall,
Here each year we greet our jolly old Saint Nick
Who comes with a pack that is high and wide and thick.
Good-will abounds; we sing a Christmas song,
We catch the Christmas spirit and pass it along;
And when it is over with warm hearts we say,
"Oh, what a merry, what a merry Christmas day!"

DECEMBER'S PLAY.

For Eighteen Children.

CHARACTERS.

BOY *who takes part of* DECEMBER; FOUR GIRLS *who act as fairies;* TWO SMALL BOYS *with bells;* TWO GIRLS *with wreaths;* TWO GIRLS *as cooks;* ONE BOY *with toys;* BOY *with large stocking;* BOY *and* GIRL *to take part of father and mother;* THREE CHILDREN, *one quite small.*

COSTUMES.

DECEMBER. *Dark suit and coat, red cap, all trimmed with white cotton.*

FAIRIES. *White dress and stockings, hair flowing, gilt crown, wings of white crepe paper. Each carries basket of white paper torn fine.*

BELLS. *Dark suits, red caps, strings of small bells.*

WREATHS. *White dresses, green band and bow on hair, carry large wreath of evergreen.*

COOKS. *Dark dress, large light apron, small white caps. Carry food.*

TOY BOY. *Toys, dolls, books, horn, skates and various other presents fastened about him — hung from shoulders, carried on arms, and fastened to belt about waist.*

BOY WITH STOCKING. *Carries large stocking made of bright cloth the back of which is pinned firmly to his coat across the chest to help keep it in place. Stocking should be three-fourths of yard wide across top and boy holds it at sides of top with each hand.*

FATHER AND MOTHER. *Every-day clothes of man and matron.*

CHILDREN. *Long night-gowns.*

SCENE I.—*December Plans the Play.*

No stage setting required.

Discovered, DECEMBER.

DECEMBER—

My good friends all, how do you do?
A cordial welcome I bring you;
Though no speech maker I wish to say
I'm glad to see you here today.
Perhaps my name I'd better tell,
Though you all know me very well.
I come each year, don't you remember
The last of the months—hoary December?
I'm a favorite for I bring
Christmas whose praises the children sing.
In honor of this noted day
I'm going to give a little play—
December's Lesson is its name
And I hope you all will like the same;
I think 'twill help you understand
How you can lend a helping hand.

Enter FAIRIES.

DECEMBER—

Well! Well!
Why do you fairies thus appear?
What sudden mission calls you here?

FIRST FAIRY—
Oh, if you give a Christmas play,
You need us, December, right away.

SECOND FAIRY—
For people—old and young folks too—
Like a snowy Christmas—they surely do.

THIRD FAIRY—
So please, December, do let us go
And lay a robe of fresh, white snow.

FOURTH FAIRY—
Yes, let us help this Christmas play
By having a snow storm right away.

DECEMBER—
Well, good fairies I think you're right—
People like a Christmas that's white;
So you may start for cloudland gray
And send the snow before Christmas day.

FAIRIES (*Dance about* DECEMBER *and throw up the paper which is in their baskets, letting it fall over him as snow.*)—

(*Sing*):

Tune: "Jingle, Bells."

While the children wait
For Santa to appear,
Wond'ring what nice things
He'll bring them this year,
The snow fairies spry
Will work with all their might
And robe the earth with glistening snow
To make the Christmas white,
Snowflakes white, snowflakes white,
Soft and frail and small;

Won't it be a welcome sight
When the flakes begin to fall?
Snowflakes white, snowflakes white,
From the cloudland gray;
They will beautify the earth
For the Merry Christmas day.

DECEMBER (*Shaking himself.*)—
Well, if you keep it up this way
You'll have things white by Christmas day.
(FAIRIES *exeunt.*)

Enter BELL BOYS.

BOYS—
Ho, ho, ho! (*They run down to front ringing bells.*)

DECEMBER—
Mercy, what's the matter with you boys?
Why are you making all this noise?

BOYS (*Ringing softly as they speak.*)—
We have to ring for all we're worth
To wake up this old sleepy Earth;
Our music everyone should hear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
We merrily ring just this way
To welcome in the Christmas day.
(*Ring hard.*)

DECEMBER—
Well, see how quiet you can be,
Then by and by you may ring for me.
(*Boys stand quietly at back of stage.*)

Enter GIRLS *with wreaths.*

FIRST GIRL—
Did you speak about a Christmas play?

DECEMBER—
Yes, I'm giving "December's Lesson" here today.

SECOND GIRL—
Christmas isn't Christmas at all
Without green garlands on the wall;
You surely need us in your play—
We'll be real good but we're going to stay.

DECEMBER—
If you keep quite still I do not care—
Just find a place to stand somewhere.
(*They stand at back with* BOYS.)

Enter COOKS.

(*One carries pudding on platter; the other has a plate of cookies in one hand and a pie in the other.*)

FIRST COOK—
Sir, we want an explanation—
Why have we no invitation?

DECEMBER—
Gracious! Don't scowl at me that way—
Invitation to what, I pray?

SECOND COOK—
The play you're giving. Don't you know
You should not give a Christmas show
Without inviting Christmas cooks?
Wreaths (*points to girls*) are good enough for looks,
But Christmas would not be complete
Without a lot of good things to eat—
Christmas pudding and Christmas cake
And other things the wise cooks make.

FIRST COOK—
Though we but beat and mix and stir
Our work is very important, sir.
We ought to be home at work today,
But we can't miss this Christmas play,
So now we're here we're going to stay.

DECEMBER—

Yes, I suppose that you will stay—
Women always have their own way;
Wish you'd give me some goodies sweet,
I'd like some of your wares to eat.

SECOND COOK—

One cookie you may have today,
The rest I must keep for the Christmas play.

(*She passes cookies to* DECEMBER, *he takes one and eats it. The cooks stand beside girls with wreaths.*)

Enter TOY BOY.

DECEMBER—

Well! You look like Santa Claus himself.

TOY BOY—

What would Christmas be without toys?
Dolls for girls, guns and balls for boys;
Bright tops to spin, and horns to blow,
Monkeys that climb, engines that go;
Bracelets to wear, candy to eat,
Books and skates and sugarplums sweet.
I thought this play would be real queer
Unless there were a few toys here,
So I came to say that Christmas joys
Are greatly increased by Christmas toys.

ALL (*Except* DECEMBER.)—

Yes, indeed, you are surely right—
These toys are a welcome sight.

Enter STOCKING BOY.

STOCKING BOY—

But, my friends, it would be shocking
Not to have a Christmas stocking
In which to tuck toys safely away
For children to find on Christmas day.
In the early dawn it's surely fun
To pull out the presents one by one.
This stocking is both long and wide—
'Twill hold your gifts and more beside,
So it has come your play to grace;
Pray, give it an important place.

DECEMBER—

Well, stocking boy, I'm glad to see you
Because I've work for you to do;
In fact I'll need you every one
Before my little play is done.
There is a family in this town
Who're feeling very much cast down
Because bad luck has come their way
And they can't celebrate Christmas day.
So follow me; away we will go,
And very soon my plan you'll know.

(They form in line back of DECEMBER, *single file, he standing at the center of front and the others along the center of stage from front to back. The bell boys ring gaily as they march;* DECEMBER *leads to left corner front, down left side, across to center of back, up center of stage to front, to right corner front, down right side and off.)*

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The Plot Carried Out.*

Arrange stage for a meagerly furnished room, table, chairs, etc.

Discovered MR. *and* MRS. BLOUNT *and the* CHILDREN.

TOM B. Aren't we going to have any Christmas at all?

JOSIE B. Not even a little weeny bit of Christmas?

BABY B. Me wants some C'rismas.

MRS. B.—

No, my dears, I very much fear
We cannot have a Christmas this year.

CHILDREN (*sadly*). Oh-h-h, dear!

MR. B.—

My children, it is hard to see
Why such bad luck should come to me,
Accident, sickness, and doctor's bills,
Loss of wages and other ills,
Have made our prospects look so drear
We must not expect Santa Claus this year.
I'm very sorry — but look at that (*pulls out empty pocket book*)
My pocket book is perfectly flat.
Money goes fast at Christmas time—
A dollar seems to be but a dime,
So we must be happy this year at least
Without our gifts or a Christmas feast.
(*Sighs.*)

MRS. B. (*To children*)—

And I'm sure you will be good and kind;
If we each try I'm sure we'll find
That we can have a happy day
Though Santa does not come our way.

TOM—

I guess we can stand it one year.

JOSIE—

We can be happy 'cause we're all here.

BABY. Me wants C'rismas candy.

MRS. B. (*To* MR. B.)—

'Tis time our children were tucked away
To sleep and dream until Christmas day;
Let us take them to their beds
Or we'll have some Christmas sleepy heads.
(ALL *exeunt.*)

Enter TWO COOKS *each with basket,* GIRLS *with wreaths,* BOY *with toys and the* BOY *with stocking.*

STOCKING BOY (*Looking around*)—

Yes, this is the place he meant all right—
Not a Christmas fixing in sight.

FIRST WREATH GIRL—

Oh, here is just the very place
My fragrant Christmas wreath should grace.
(*Hangs wreath above table.*)

SECOND WREATH GIRL—

And mine right here where 'twill mutely say
"A Merry Christmas" all the day.
(*Hangs her wreath beside the other one.*)

STOCKING BOY—

Well, if I am not guessing wrong
Those two nails (*points to wall*) are firm and strong,
They'll hold my stocking, toys and all—
We need not fear a drop or fall.

(*He hangs stocking on nails that have been put in wall for it.*)

TOY BOY—

Now comes my part, with great joy
I'll put in every gift and toy;
(*Puts toys into stocking as he speaks.*)
Won't these make those poor children smile?
They can keep Christmas in great style.
The world should be glad on Christmas day;
'Tis a splendid plan to find some way
To bring a bit of joy and cheer
On the merriest day of all the year,
To persons who are sad because
They're not expecting Santa Claus.
This world will be a fine place to live
When everyone has learned to give.

FIRST COOK—

Want to say that not the least
Of festal joys is the Christmas feast;
These children will like their toys and books,
But they'll not slight the Christmas cooks.

SECOND COOK—

We'll leave out cake and cookies sweet,
Pies and other good things to eat,
Here on the table in plain sight—
They'll help make Christmas merry and bright.
(COOKS *place baskets on table.*)

ALL—

Our work is done. We will slip away;
The fairies can usher in Christmas day
With kindly wishes and greetings gay;
And bells ring with a joyous chime,
Proclaiming Christmas a merry time.
(ALL *exeunt.*)

(*There should be a pause before the next is given.*)

Enter FAIRIES *and* BOYS *with bells.*

FAIRIES (*sing,* Boys *ring bells softly*)—

Tune: "Jingle, Bells."

While the children sleep
In their warm cozy beds,
And dreams of Christmas joys
Are flitting through their heads,
We have come to sing
A song of Christmas cheer,
To bring you merry greetings and
Best wishes of the year.
Christmas joy, Christmas cheer,
We bring you today,
Let there be no sadness here—
Drive the clouds of sorrow 'way;
Christmas joy, Christmas cheer,
Merry Christmas gay,
May you have a happy time
On this Merry Christmas day.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter the THREE CHILDREN, *excitedly.*

TOM. Oh, I heard some Christmas music!

JOSIE. Maybe Santa Claus came after all.

BABY (*pointing to stocking*). Oh, oh, oh!

TOM (*shouting*). Oh, we're going to have a Christmas!

JOSIE (*jumping about*). A Merry Christmas.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. B.

MRS. B. (*gazing about*)—

Who left these good things in the night,
To make our Christmas happy and bright?

MR. B.—
'Tis a mystery, I confess,
Santa Claus must have come, I guess;
Or some kind fairies sent to play
Their part in making—

THE OTHERS—
A Merry Christmas day!

CURTAIN

A CHRISTMAS INTRUDER.

CHARACTERS.

JACK, EDITH, LOU; *their cousins*: FRED, JOE, LAURA, *and* MARY WELLS, *a little poor girl;* SANTA CLAUS.

SCENE: *The Living Room.*

At back of stage have six nails on which the children can hang up their stockings. If not convenient to drive nails into the wall have a six-foot board covered with dark-colored cloth nailed to two boards three feet long, one at either end of the long board to act as uprights to support it, and simply lean these against the wall. Drive the nails into the long board. At one side of the room have a large chair behind which MARY *can hide.*

Enter the SIX COUSINS, *each carrying a long stocking. They form in line across back of stage, facing the front.*

EDITH. Oh, I am so glad it is Christmas eve! It seemed as if I could not wait for the time to pass.

LOU. And I am so glad our dear cousins are here to spend Christmas with us.

FRED. Not so glad as we are to be here, I am sure, cousin Lou.

LAURA. I thought it would never be time for us to start from home.

JACK. But now you are here and we are ready to hang up our stockings. What fun it will be to empty them in the morning.

JOE. Oh, I shall get up very early!

THE OTHERS. So shall I!

EDITH. It will surely be the best Christmas we have ever spent.

THE OTHERS. A very Merry Christmas. (*They come down to front of stage and stand in line while singing. Each holds stocking with right hand resting lightly against left breast, stocking hanging at full length.*)

Tune: "Ho, Ho, Vacation Days Are Here."

The good old world is bright and gay,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!
Robed for her Christmas holiday,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!
We'll meet with those we love so dear,
And keep the day with right good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!

The Christmas lights their soft rays shed,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!
The holly gleams with berries red,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!
And on the wall above the grate,
Our stockings we will hang in state,

(*Each child holds stocking out in front of body.*)

Good Santa's coming to await,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!

Then off to bed we'll gaily hop,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!

(*Skip gaily around in a circle, swinging stockings from side to side.*)

And sleep as sound as any top,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!
Then Christmas morning without doubt,
We'll find them filled and with a shout,
We'll turn our stockings wrong side out,
Tra la, tra la, tra la!

(*With practice a circle can be made that will bring the children back to places in line across front at the close of above lines.*)

LAURA. I hope I shall find a pretty ring in my stocking.

LOU. Oh, I want a lovely dolly with long curls!

FRED. Well, I want a whole lot of things but I hope I shall at least get a watch.

JACK. A pair of skates will suit me pretty well.

JOE. I think I shall be satisfied with whatever Santa Claus brings me. He usually treats me pretty well.

EDITH. I only wish all the little poor children could find something nice in their stockings.

LOU. I am sure it is time for us to go to bed—you know Santa Claus does not like children to stay up late on Christmas eve.

FRED. That is so; let's hang up our stockings and skip. (*Each one holds stocking out to the front with right hand then each with the left hand catches hold of the stocking of the one standing next, hands side by side so the line is connected. With short steps they run backwards to back of stage, quickly turn and each hangs the stocking on a nail then all face front and sing*):

Tune: "My Bonnie."

Our stockings are ready for Santa,
Now don't they look nice in a row?
We hope he will fill them with presents,
We'd hate to be slighted you know.

CHORUS.

Good-night, good-night,
To Dreamland now we must haste away;
Good-night, good-night,
We'll come back early Christmas day.

(*At the beginning of the chorus all catch hold of hands and bow on each good-night; mark time during the second line; bow twice; run from stage with short steps.*)

Enter MARY WELLS, *poorly dressed and hair badly tousled; looks forlorn and neglected.*

MARY (*gazing at stockings*). Oh, oh, my! Don't they look awful nice hanging there? I wish I could hang mine up beside them but it is so full of holes Santy Claus wouldn't put any present in it. I wish I could have a Merry Christmas just once. I'm just a poor little girl that Santy Claus don't know anything 'bout an' I ain't ever had any good times on Christmas yet. I heard the children who live here say that Santy Claus is coming tonight to fill their stockings with presents an' I thought if I could slip in when they didn't know it and wait till Santy comes I would ask him if he couldn't give me just one little present—maybe a little doll. But, dear me, if he's got to fill all these stockings I'm afraid he won't have any present for me —I may as well go home. No, I won't either—I'll stay and see Santy Claus fill the stockings even if he can't give me anything. (*Looks around.*) I may have to wait quite a spell so I'll just lay down here where no

one will see me—but I won't go to sleep—not on yer life! (*She lies down back of large chair on the floor.*)

(*Light on stage should be as dim as possible during next scene, just enough to show that* SANTA *is filling the stockings.*)

Enter SANTA CLAUS *with Pack.*

SANTA (*softly*). If I am not mistaken there are a number of children here and they are pretty good ones, too, so I'll have to find some nice presents for them. (*Sees stockings.*) Well well, I should say there *are* some children—just look at this row of stockings! Good thing that I had Mrs. Santa put in an extra lot of presents this time or I'd run short. (*As he talks he hastily fills the stockings with packages and toys from his pack.*) I wonder if my reindeer will stand all right. I should have tied them fast to the chimney if I'd known I had so many stockings to fill, but I think the trusty little fellows will stand all right. They would hardly go off without old Santa to tell them where to stop next. I hope these children will take good care of these presents; it does make me cross to give things to children who do not take care of them. Well, I think I have left a fine supply here and I must hurry along—Santa Claus cannot waste any time if he wants to be through with his work by day light. Here's hoping all these boys and girls will have a Merry Christmas. (*Hurries off with pack.*)

Enter the SIX COUSINS.

(*Dim light on stage as above. The children come dancing in, the girls wearing long white nightgowns, the boys in bath-robes or long kimonos. They all run down to front of stage, taking short steps as they run, and stand in line, hold of hands and sing*):

Tune: "Good-Night, Ladies."

Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
A merry Christmas day.
Won't we have a happy time, happy time, happy time,
Won't we have a happy time,
This merry Christmas day?

(*Still keeping hold of hands the children run backwards to back of stage, drop hands, turn quickly and gaze at stockings.*)

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, oh, oh-h-h!

JACK. Goody! They are all full to the top.

MARY (*jumping up quickly from the floor and rubbing her eyes*). Has Santy Claus been here? (*Children start with surprise and exclaim "Oh," "Why," "Who is she?" etc.*)

EDITH. Who are you, little girl, and how did you get here?

MARY. Has Santy Claus been here yet?

LOU. Yes, he has been and gone—just see our stockings.

MARY (*rubbing eyes*). And I—went to—sleep an' —didn't see—him. Oh, dear!

JACK. I think you are the little girl who lives back of our house.

MARY. Yes, I live in the alley with old Mis' Stebbins. I wanted to ask Santy Claus for a present 'cause I ain't ever had a Christmas present.

THE OTHERS. Never had a Christmas present!

MARY. No, not a Christmas present er a Christmas dinner er anything else that's Christmas.

LAURA. You poor girl—you shall have some of my presents.

THE OTHERS. And some of mine! (*Half of children stand on one side of* MARY *and half on the other, all face front and take hold of hands.*)

EDITH. Let's keep her here all day and give her—

THE OTHER COUSINS (*heartily*). A Merry Christmas!

CURTAIN

TIM'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHARACTERS.

TIM, *a bootblack;* MOLLIE, *a flower girl.*

SCENE: *The Street on Christmas Eve.*

Enter TIM *with kit which he puts down carefully.*

TIM (*shaking finger at kit*). There, you set down there an' rest fer a spell—an' don't ye be runnin' away when my back's turned. You've done mighty good work today, you have—we'll be gettin' rich if we don't look out. (*Faces front and pulls handful of coins from pocket.*) Gee, I've made a swell haul today—took in over three dollars. One guy what I shined his shoes for gimme fifty cents. He said, "Keep the change, an' Merry Christmas"—some gentleman he was! (*Rattles coins.*) I guess I'll haf ter start a bank account. Now if I jes' had a fambly—a mother an' a sister like wot Skinny Beggs has to support—I'd have some fun buyin' Chris'mus presents. Tain't no fun bein' all 'lone in the world—how kin I have a merry Christmas all by meself? (*Puts money in pocket and sighs disconsolately.*) I'm sick a hearin' folks talk 'bout Merry Christmas, dat's wot I be!

Enter MOLLIE *with basket of flowers.*

MOLLIE. Hello, Tim.

TIM. Hello, Mollie. How's biznes?

MOLLIE. Oh, it's bum! (*Sighs.*) I only sold half my flowers.

TIM. Wot's de matter?

MOLLIE. Oh, folks don't want no paper roses—they're buyin' bigger Chris'mus presents. I hate Chris'mus, I do.

TIM. Oh, come now, wot's de matter wid Chris'-mus?

MOLLIE. Aw, how kin I have a merry Chris'mus when I aint got no folks ner anybody to give me presents ner nobody to care if I live er die? Chris'mus is the time when ye wants some folks that belong to ye.

TIM. Aw, cheer up, Mollie! I know somebody wot'll buy yer flowers.

MOLLIE. Yes ye do—quit yer kiddin' me!

TIM (*pulling out a handful of coins*). I'll buy em' —honest I will. I'm most a millyunair—made over three dollars today. How much yer want fer all dat's left?

MOLLIE (*wiping eyes on back of hand*). Yer awful good, Tim, but I ain't goin' to have ye buy my flowers when ye don't want 'em. I'll be goin' on an' mebbe somebody'll buy some. I hope dat ye has a merry Chris'mus (*Starts as if to exit.*)

TIM. Say, now, Mollie, don't go off an' leave a feller. Lemme give yer a Chris'mus present. (*Holds out money to her.*)

MOLLIE (*turning back*). Thank ye, Tim, but I ain't no charity child. I works my way.

TIM. Aw, yer too proud, Mollie. Come on an' let's sing that song we learnt to mission school. I got it wrote down. (*Pulls paper from pocket that has song written on it and they stand together and sing from these words.*)

Tune: "Happy Greeting to All."

I.

In Bethlehem town on one glad Christmas day,
The little child Jesus so peacefully lay;
He came that all people through love should be free,
And the joy of Christmas is for you and me.

CHORUS.

Merry Christmas for you, merry Christmas for me,
Merry Christmas for his great love is around you and me.

II.

So sing we His praises with reverent voice,
And honor His birthday while nations rejoice,
For love sheds its blessings from mountain to sea,
And the joy of Christmas is for you and me.

TIM (*sadly*). Don't seem as if there's much Chris'-mus joy fer sech as us.

MOLLIE. No, 'cause we ain't got no folks—I ain't even got a cat.

TIM. Gee, it's tough to be all alone. (*Noticing.*) Say Mollie, what's that string you got round yer neck?

MOLLIE. That's got a locket on it.

TIM. Aw, I bet ye got yer feller's picter in it. Lemme see.

MOLLIE. Don't talk so silly. It's got a picter of my mother in it an' a little girl that was me when I was a baby. (*Pulls a locket from the neck of her dress and shows him the picture.*) Ain't she nice?

TIM. W'y—w'y—you don't mean— this ain't— (*rubs eyes and looks again*) This ain't *your* mother, Mollie.

MOLLIE. Yes 'tis. I've had it ever since I was little. My ma's dead.

TIM. But—but—w'y, this is a picter of *my* mother. I've got one jest like it. (*Pulls out small cloth bag that was suspended around his neck and takes out small picture.*) Look here. (*They examine pictures excitedly.*)

MOLLIE. Well, but—w'y, what can it mean, Tim?

TIM. It means dat yer my—*sister!*

MOLLIE (*clasping hands excitedly*). Oh, re'lly, Tim, yer honest sister?

TIM. When ma died pa give me to some folks. There was a little girl but pa run off an' I didn't know what become of 'er. Mollie, yer my sister! (*They clasp hands happily.*)

MOLLIE. Now we've both got some folks an' we can have a merry Chris'mus!

TIM (*pulling money from pocket.*) This'll come mighty handy. Gee, won't we have a swell Chris'mus? Yer my present, Mollie.

MOLLIE. An' yer *my* present, Tim. Ain't Chris'-mus lovely? (*They stand hand in hand and sing the chorus of the song as above.*)

CURTAIN

HELPING SANTA CLAUS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. RANKLE, *who does not believe in Christmas.*
GRANDMA HART, *who loves Christmas but is poor.*
GRACE *and* HESTER, *who are going home for Christ-mas.*
MRS. MARVIN, *hard and haughty.*
MRS. HARRIS, *who is fond of Christmas.*
TOM *and* NORA HARRIS, *helpers of Santa Claus.*
THE TICKET AGENT.

SCENE: *Waiting Room at the R. R. Station.*

Discovered, GRANDMA HART *and* MRS. MARVIN, *sit-ting; the* AGENT *standing back of his desk.*

GRANDMA H. I wonder if the train will be on time?

MRS. M. (*coldly*). I believe it is reported to be on time.

GRANDMA H. I suppose you're going somewhere to spend Christmas.

MRS. M. (*more coldly*). I am going home. I have been here to do some shopping.

GRANDMA H. Now ain't that nice? I s'pose you got a lot of Christmas presents for folks. I love to buy 'em, but (*sighs*) I have so little money it doesn't go very far. I made a real nice big apron for my daughter—by hand, you know, but my fingers are so stiff it took me a long time. Don't you love Christmas?

MRS. M. (*indifferently*). No, it is such a bore to give presents and I get so tired of hearing folks say Merry Christmas.

GRANDMA H. W'y, land sakes! I think Christmas is the best day of the year.

Enter MR. RANKLE.

MR. R. (*to* AGENT). I want a ticket to Centerville. I suppose the train will be crowded with a pack of silly folks rushing off somewhere to spend Christmas. It makes me tired.

AGENT (*giving him ticket*). Oh, well, Christmas only comes once a year.

MR. R. Yes, thank goodness! (*Crosses and sits.*)

Enter GRACE *and* HESTER, *with suitcases and packages.*

GRACE. Oh, isn't it perfectly lovely that we are going home for Christmas?

HESTER. I should say! I am just crazy to see the folks and besides we have the best time at Christmas of all the year.

GRANDMA H. Bless their hearts, I am glad they can go home and have a good time.

GRACE. Come, let's get our tickets so we'll be ready to start. (*They go to* AGENT.) Tickets for Cambria, please. (*Laughingly.*) Can't you let us have them cheaper if we take two? We've been buying Christmas presents and we're most broke.

AGENT. Say, now girls, I'd like to accommodate you, honest I would, but the railroad doesn't favor old Santa Claus a bit. If you bought all the presents

the good fellow is to give you'd have to pay up just the same to get home.

HESTER (*laughs*). Well, that's too bad; but Christmas is so lovely we don't mind being out of cash. (*They take tickets and go across.*)

GRACE. I can scarcely wait for the train to get here—I'm just wild to see how the folks like the presents I got for them. I do love Christmas. (*They sit.*)

MR. R. (*aside, sneeringly*). They better start on and walk if it's so hard to wait. These Christmas fanatics give me a pain.

MRS. M. (*aside*). How unpleasant to have to travel with these gushing folks who tire you out raving about Christmas.

GRANDMA H. (*cordially to* GRACE *and* HESTER). Yes, dearies, Christmas is a lovely day and you must never get too old to enjoy it. I hope you'll have a splendid time at home with the folks.

HESTER. Oh, thank you! I know we shall—the only thing we can't stay as long as we want to.

Enter MRS. HARRIS, TOM *and* NORA, *with numerous packages.*

MRS. H. (*going to* AGENT). I want tickets to Eagle, please. (TOM *and* NORA *stand beside her.*)

TOM. That's where our grandma lives.

NORA. We're going there for Christmas and have, oh, just lots of fun.

AGENT (*cordially*). Well, that's fine.

MRS. H. (*taking tickets*). Come, children, and sit down. (*She sits but the children walk about.*)

TOM. I don't want to sit down—it's such a long time to wait if you sit down.

NORA (*to* MR. R.). We're going to grandma's for Christmas and have an awful good time. Don't you like Christmas?

MR. R. (*crossly*). No, I don't—I don't believe in it.

NORA. Oh, w'y, that's bad not to like Christmas. You ought to love ev'rybody at Christmas and give presents and make folks happy. Don't you like to give presents?

MR. R. No, I do not. I think it is a foolish custom and I don't believe in it.

NORA. Oh-h-h, my! I jus' love to give Christmas presents.

MRS. M. (*aside*). Oh, what an impudent child. She ought to be whipped.

NORA (*to* MR. R.). I'm going to give, oh, a lot of presents and some of 'em I made all myself—only mama helped me some. I made some holders for grandma.

GRANDMA H. (*to* TOM). I s'pose you are expecting a lot of presents from Santa Claus.

TOM. Oh, quite a few—only we ain't got very much money and Santa can't bring so much when money is scarce.

GRANDMA H. (*sighing*). Yes, dear, that is so.

TOM (*happily*). But I'm going to give a real lot and it's blesseder to give than to get 'em, you know.

MRS. M. (*aside, crossly*). Oh, those dreadful children with their tiresome talk about Christmas. I wish the train would come.

TOM. And say, out where my grandma lives there's a little boy that's got an awful bad leg so he can't walk a bit and I saved an' saved my money till I had fifty cents and I bought him a nice book to read.

GRANDMA H. That was splendid.

GRACE. The poor little boy—if I wasn't so near broke I'd send him something for a present myself.

HESTER. The only sad thing about Christmas to me is that I can't give all the presents I want to. Wish I was rich. (*Sighs.*)

TOM. And folks out where my grandma lives are trying to get money to buy the poor little boy, that suffers awful, a wheel chair. If papa was rich he'd buy it all himself.

NORA (*coming to* GRANDMA H.). What do you s'pose Santa Claus will bring you for Christmas? I want a new dolly.

GRANDMA H. (*sadly*). Not much of anything. I'm going to visit my daughter, but her husband's dead and she has a real hard time to get along so she can't even buy presents for her children. I wanted to buy a lot of things to take them but I couldn't. My little grandchildren won't get much.

NORA. Oh, I'm going to see if I can't send them a present—I'd love to. (*Runs to her mother.*) Oh, mama, can't I send something that you're going to give me? I don't want much for Christmas, honest I don't.

TOM. (*going across*). And let me send one of the presents you have for me, mama. I'll have plenty without it.

MRS. H. Certainly, if you are willing to go without them you may send two of your presents. I am sure it will make you happy to feel that you sent them to the children whose father is dead. (*She hunts in packages and gives the children each a gift wrapped and tied with bright ribbon. They run across with them to* GRANDMA H.)

NORA. Please take this to one of the little children.

TOM. And this, too. We like to help Santa Claus this way. It makes us happy and mama doesn't like to have us selfish—specially at Christmas.

MRS. M. Well, the idea! Such queer children.

GRACE (*to* HESTER). Oh, I've just got to help a little, broke or not. (*She gets coin from bag and slips it across to* GRANDMA H.) Please take this little bit, too.

MR. R. (*rises, comes down to the front, talking to*

himself). Well, those children make me feel uncomfortable. Here I am with more money than I can use and haven't bought a Christmas present for a person. I ought to be ashamed. (*Goes to* GRANDMA H.) I wish you would let me send a little gift to those children. Please use this for them. (*Gives her a bill.*) I believe I do like Christmas and I'm going to give some presents. (*To* TOM.) Now, young man, I want you to take this and see that the boy with the bad leg gets the wheel chair. (*Gives bill.*)

TOM. Oh, goody, goody! Won't he be glad? You're helping Santa Claus, too.

MR. R. Now I'm going back up town and buy some things for sister Ellen's children and some others who need them. (*Hurries out.*)

MRS. M. (*aside*). Dear me, I suppose I am foolish but I'd like to help Santa Claus a little, too. (*To* GRANDMA H.) Won't you please give this to your daughter and I hope you will all have a merry Christmas.

GRANDMA H. (*wiping eyes*). Oh, how happy this will make us! God bless you all!

AGENT (*calling*). Southbound train coming. Passengers all aboard.

CURTAIN

THE BETHLEHEM BABE.

(If the stage is large enough to permit let all the children who are to take part in this exercise stand at the back of the platform, smallest ones in first line, larger ones in second and the tallest across the back. Each division comes forward to front and gives its part, returning again to place at back of stage.)

I.—Glory to God in the Highest.

Six or More Children.

Each child has a card with a printed word, the words to read, "Glory to God in the Highest." The cards are cut pennant shape and fastened to the end of a stick which is carried resting against right shoulder.

First. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

Second. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

Third. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Fourth. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Fifth. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

Sixth. And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

All (*sing*):

Tune: "Jesus Loves Me."

I.

On the hillside rough and steep,
Shepherds watched their flocks of sheep;
From the heaven shone a light,
Voices sounded on the night.

CHORUS.

Sweet angel voices, from heaven unto earth,
Sweet angel voices proclaim the Saviour's birth.

II.

"Fear ye not," the angel said:
"Let joy fill your hearts instead,
For the tidings glad we bring,
Of the birth of Christ, the King."

CHORUS.

II.—The Visit of the Shepherds.

Six Children.

The children each carry a shepherd's crook (made by fastening a pasteboard crook to the top of a cane) with a card pinned across the crook, each card with a word, the words to say "The Bethlehem Manger Cradled a King."

First. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

Second. And they came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

Third. And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

Fourth. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

Fifth. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

Sixth. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

ALL (*sing*):

Tune: "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Within the stable bare,
Upon the fragrant hay,
No cradle for His kingly head,
The baby Jesus lay.

The mother Mary there
Her loving watch did keep;
And glory shone upon the scene
As Jesus lay asleep.

Then from their hillside watch
The wond'ring shepherds came,
To find the holy child whose birth
The angels did proclaim.

III.—THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

Six Children.

Each carries a star covered with gilt and bearing a word, the words to say, "The Wise Men Followed a Star." Stars should be fastened to a wand and carried as pennants were.

FIRST. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

SECOND. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

THIRD. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

FOURTH. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

FIFTH. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

SIXTH. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

ALL (*sing*):

Tune: "Singing in the Rain."

To the land of Judah,
Traveling from afar,
Came the eager Wise Men,
Following the star.
From above that beacon,
Shed its golden ray,
Led them to the stable
Where the young Child lay.
Rever'ntly the Wise Men
Knelt to worship there,
Gave the Babe rich presents
From their treasures rare.

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Now upon His birthday
Let us treasures bring,
Worshipping the Saviour,
As we praises sing;
Let the star of Christmas
Shine with golden ray,
Lead us to the blessings
Of the Christmas day.
May the Christ Child's glory
Evermore increase,
And all lands adore Him,
Blessed Prince of Peace.

MRS. BROWN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. *and* MRS. BROWN.

SCENE: *The Living Room.*

Enter MR. BROWN *carrying good-sized package.*

MR. B. Well, I have a Christmas present for my wife. She always gives me something for Christmas and she always insists on getting something very useful. Last year she gave me some striped shirts, bright, gaudy stripes that I have always hated to wear and because I don't like them they are going to last five years I guess. She bought them because there was a sale and she could get them cheap. She is a great hand to buy things for me at sales and it is always something that doesn't fit or a hideous color or something wrong. Year before last she gave me some green silk socks that she got at a bargain—think of it, bright green! I told her I didn't want to look like a salad but I had to wear them. I tried to give them to a tramp but he said he didn't dare wear them because

he often took a nap under a tree in a pasture and he didn't want the cows to nip his ankles thinking it was grass. (*Listens.*) Oh, Dorothy is coming. (*Places his package behind a chair.*)

Enter MRS. BROWN, *with a package.*

MRS. B. James, I didn't know you were in here. (*Holds the package behind her.*) I was—that is, I—I was just going to tie some tissue paper and ribbons around your Christmas present and fasten some holly on it so it will look sweet.

MR. B. Oh, never mind how it looks—just so it tastes sweet. Let me have it just the way it is—I'm too old to care for ribbon gew-gaws. Give it to me and have the agony over.

MRS. B. How mean you talk! If it hurts you so to get presents from me you needn't have it—I can send it to papa or brother Tom.

MR. B. Of course I want it. Is it candy? I believe you said something about it being sweet.

MRS. B. Certainly it isn't candy—I said I was going to do it up so it would *look* sweet. It is a nice—oh, just the *dearest* thing and I got it at a bargain, so you mustn't feel bad about the money.

MR. B. (*aside*). Another bargain counter present—bet it's some slippers that are not mates. (*Aloud.*) I s'pose it's something pretty nifty, eh?

MRS. B. Oh, *yes!* I'm sure it will fit you—though it may be a *little* large and the color is awfully sweet—though the purple is a little bit bright.

MR. B. (*aside*). *Purple!* Heavens, how I hate purple! I hope it is a bath robe so I won't have to wear it on the street. (*Aloud.*) I'm glad you got it at a sale because money is a little scarce this year and I got your present at a sale, too—saved a whole lot on it.

MRS. B. (*in surprise*). You did! (*Aside.*) I just

know it's something I didn't want. The idea of getting *my* present at a bargain sale!

MR. B. Well, I was going past a store and I saw some real pretty cloth in the window and it was only four cents a yard. It is red and green—with a little yellow and purple in it I think—anyway it is real pretty and it looks quite a lot like silk.

MRS. B. (*aside*). Horrors! Red and green and yellow and purple! (*Aloud.*) But you didn't *buy* it?

MR. B. Sure thing! It was such a bargain—only four cents a yard—and I thought you could make you two or three nice summer dresses and make some dresses for the girls and you said we need some new curtains—it will make real swell curtains, sort of thin and airy, you know.

MRS. B. James Brown, the idea! (*Aside.*) I'll burn it up—four cents a yard, indeed.

MR. B. And you can cover those new lamb's wool comforts you want to make—I'm sure there will be enough, because I got a hundred yards, seeing it was such a bargain and so pretty, you know. Now, how's that for a Christmas present?

MRS. B. You horrid thing; I'll never speak to you again—a hundred yards of *calico* for my Christmas present. (*Begins to weep.*) You don't care anything about me—so! (*Hurries from room.*)

MR. B. (*laughing*). She doesn't seem to like bargain counter Christmas presents for herself. Women are funny. Well, I'll have to hunt her up and give her the present. (*Picks up package from behind chair.*) It really isn't a hundred yards of calico—it is that set of furs she has been wanting. I just thought I'd see how she would like it if I *did* get something because it was a bargain. She'll be all right when she sees these furs. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

CHRISTMAS SNAP SHOTS.

(Near the back of the stage have a frame made of boards—fence boards will answer—and covered with black cloth. The frame should be six feet high and at least eight feet across. On the back at each side nail cleats by which it can be fastened to the floor. Have curtain across front of stage. By having frame all ready it can be brought onto stage and fastened to floor ready for use in a very few minutes when this number is to be given. The pictures are posed just back of the frame, the curtains being drawn each time while the picture is being arranged. Those taking part should be all ready to come onto stage and pose quickly so as not to have long waits between the pictures. Room should be darkened and bright light thrown onto the pictures. Each time as the curtain is drawn back revealing a picture the speaker gives the description of it. The speaker stands to the front and to one side of the stage.)

One Who Announces the Program Says: We will present as the next number on our program a series of Christmas snap shots which were taken by Santa Claus and loaned to us especially for this occasion. Santa Claus is a first-class hand with a camera and these pictures of Christmas scenes are very lifelike. (*Curtain is drawn showing first picture.*)

I.—Early Christmas Morning.

(This picture should have a dim light as it shows a dimly lighted room in the early morning. Three children, a boy and two girls, one not more than three or four years old, all in white night clothes stand in a row, each looking at a gift held in the right hand, while left hand holds a stocking with packages in it. The smallest girl holds a dolly at which she is smiling; the other girl has a book under her right arm, a bright-colored bag of candy hung on her wrist and is holding

up a bracelet at which she gazes happily; the boy holds his stocking of presents under the left arm and with both hands is holding an air gun at which he smiles broadly.)

SPEAKER. Our first picture is entitled "Early Christmas Morning" and is a typical Christmas scene. Early in the morning while the others of the household are yet asleep the children have slipped quietly down stairs to discover what old Santa Claus has left for them. Of course their stockings were well filled with presents and their first finds have already made them happy. Back to bed they must scamper to wait for the light of day which will prove a very merry Christmas.

II.—A HAPPY MOTHER.

(*A little girl sits in a small rocking chair holding three or four dolls. One should be a large one, the others smaller and she hugs them lovingly as she smiles upon them.*)

SPEAKER. This is a picture of one of the happiest little mothers you ever saw. Santa has left a generous supply of babies and the little mother finds them very good indeed. They may, as the days go by, become sick with cracks in their heads or have a hemorrhage of sawdust and they are quite sure to be laid up at times with broken limbs, but the little mother is not worrying over that as she sings her "Rock-a-bye, babies, upon mother's arm; she will keep you safe from all harm."

III.—JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

(*A boy stands at center of stage with a sled leaning against his right side, a pair of skates hanging from his left arm, a football in his left hand, a gun under his right arm and a watch in his right hand. Upon his head is a warm new cap, new mittens on his hands and*

a handkerchief sticks out of each pocket. He looks at audience with a broad grin.)

SPEAKER. We now show you a picture entitled, "Just What He Wanted." Santa has not only left a good supply of presents but they happen to be just what the boy wanted. What a good time he will have coasting on that sled! How his heart beats at thought of big game to be killed with the new gun! How he will skim over the ice on those skates—after he has gotten past the stage of seeing stars when he tumbles! How happy he is with the new watch! Even the handkerchiefs are appreciated, for a boy's nose, somehow, needs a lot of attention in the winter time, and the cap and mittens will defy Jack Frost on the cold days.

IV.—SANTA FORGOT US.

(*At a poor little table a poorly dressed woman sits in an old chair, elbows on table, head in hands as if weeping. Facing the front two little children stand side by side, each holding an empty stocking. Younger child has hand over eyes as if weeping; older child sadly tries to give comfort. Children very poorly dressed.*)

SPEAKER. Our next picture is a sad one entitled, "Santa Forgot Us." The poor mother is having such a struggle to provide food, fuel, and clothes for her little family that she cannot give them a merry Christmas. You can see how she grieves because her children are disappointed. Isn't it too bad that some kind, generous person did not help old Santa remember this little family? The older child is acting as comforter and I think is saying, "Do not feel bad. I am sure Santa Claus will come next year."

V.—POOR LITTLE RICH BOY.

(*A very nicely dressed little boy sits in a large easy chair surrounded with numerous presents—books, toys,*

games, sled, bicycle, gun, and other things which will show up well in picture. He is not looking at any of them but is gazing off with a scowl and a pout which makes him look very unhappy.)

SPEAKER. Now just look at this picture entitled, "The Poor Little Rich Boy." His parents have plenty of money and this boy has everything he wants. He is surrounded by the many nice presents Santa Claus brought him, but he does not care about any of them and is very cross and unhappy because he did not get something else. That is why we call him poor—because he cannot be happy and enjoy all the splendid things he has. No matter what he gets he is discontented and scolds because it isn't different. Isn't he a poor boy? No merry Christmas for him.

VI.—SHARING HER CHRISTMAS.

(*A nicely dressed little girl with cloak, hood and furs stands facing a little newsboy. She has a pretty basket on her arm and in one hand is holding out to him a large, red apple, while in the other she holds out a large orange. The basket should be trimmed with red crepe paper and holly or some other green. The little boy should be poorly dressed, old clothes, poor cap and ragged shoes. The girl smiles sweetly at him as she holds out the gifts and he has one hand bashfully extended to take them.*)

SPEAKER. I am sure you will enjoy your next picture, entitled, "Sharing Her Christmas." This generous little girl is not content to stay at home and enjoy her nice presents, but she wants to give a merry Christmas to some one else. You know we should not only receive but we should also give and the more we share with others the happier Christmas we will have. The little newsboy who is getting some gifts will not only enjoy the good things the little girl gives him but he will remember the smiles and kind words that went with them and they will make his Christmas merrier.

VII.—Going Home for Christmas.

(*A young man with overcoat and hat stands smiling broadly at the audience. He has a suitcase in one hand and a large package in the other. There are packages tied with bright strips of paper under each arm; holly or evergreen is fastened to a number of the packages; from each overcoat pocket protrude bundles; a poinsettia is fastened to his coat; this flower can be made of bright red cloth if none are at hand*).

Speaker. Here we show a picture of a young man who is going home to spend Christmas. You might think from his happy look that he has been away for years without seeing the folks; but the truth is, he is just glad because it is Christmas time and he is going to be at home. There is no place more favorable for a merry Christmas than beside the cozy fire in the old, familiar sitting room with father and mother. The best present the boys and girls away at work can have is a chance to turn toward home, sweet home for Christmas.

VIII.—Visions of the Past.

(*At extreme back of stage stretch some black mosquito netting and back of this have several children stand, dressed in night-clothes and each holding a stocking filled with packages. At the front of stage sit an elderly man and woman, he with a Bible on his knees, she with some knitting in her hands. Each is gazing dreamily at the children back of the netting.*)

Speaker. Our last picture is entitled, "Visions of the Past." The old folks are all alone now. The children have long been gone to homes of their own; the house is still, the old playthings are stowed away in the garret; there is no need of baking stores of good things to eat. How lonely the Christmas day is—how can it be merry with the children all away? As the

old folks sit dreaming of the past they seem to see again the merry group of white-gowned children stealing down in the gray dawn to find what Santa had left in their stockings. How happy they were and of all the gifts there were none they liked better than the wonderful cookies mother made, shaped like old Santa Claus himself. Yes, the old folks are alone but they can still enjoy the Christmas visions of the past.

HOLLY MARCH AND SONG.

For Eight Small Girls or Four Boys and Four Girls.

Girls dress in white with a sailor collar of green crepe paper and turn-back cuffs of the same material; hair hanging with green paper band around head and bow at one side; each carries a bunch of holly tied with a three-inch strip of green crepe paper, three small loops and two streamers three-fourths of a yard long. If boys take part they wear dark suits, low shoes and white stockings, white sailor collar and white turn-back cuffs, carry holly tied like the girls. If holly can not be easily obtained use a spray of evergreen tied with the green.

Music: "Follow Me, Full of Glee."

Hold holly in right hand resting against the left breast, streamers hanging. Enter single file, led by a boy; if boys take part, boys and girls alternating; pass up right side of stage, from right corner of front, in diagonal line, to center of stage, then in diagonal line to left corner of front; down the left side, from left corner of back to center of stage in diagonal line, then in diagonal line to right corner of back. Form in line across the back of stage and stand marking time until

the music of chorus is finished ready to begin the verse once more. If stage is of fair size it will probably be necessary to play the music through twice for the opening march. As music of verse begins again they sing:

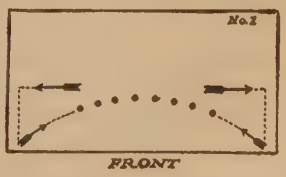
I.

Forward now (*march forward eight abreast*),
Stop and bow (*halt and bow low, then march toward front*),
But no lagging we allow;
Hearts so light, faces bright (*if they reach front of stage before the next line begins stand facing front*),
Now we turn unto the right (*turn to right, pass to right corner, in diagonal line, from right corner front to left corner of back, then form in line across back of stage and wait until chorus begins*);
Raise the green and wave it high (*raise and wave holly*),
Christmas day is drawing nigh (*wave holly*);
We'll be gay, sing and play (*holly held against breast*),
Merry Christmas day.
Marching merrily, merrily, merrily (*as chorus begins the four at center of line come up center four abreast; the other four quickly move to places just back of the first line, forming a second row; hold holly raised high with right hand and the ends of streamers held in left hand slightly out at the left so streamers will droop below face. As the two lines reach front of stage they halt and hold holly as at beginning of march*),
Singing cheerily, cheerily, cheerily;
We'll be gay, sing and play,
Merry Christmas day.

II.

Now we stand hand in hand (*line spread apart slightly, hold holly in right hand somewhat raised at right side, and join hands so the left hand of one is touching right hand of next child as if helping to hold the holly*),
For we are a happy band; pause awhile (*stand as before*),
Then with style (*grasp ends of streamers with left hand*),
Give you all a bow and smile (*extend holly out to front with right hand, left hand with streamers also held slightly forward and make low bow, smiling broadly*);
Next with stately step and slow (*holly against breast*),
In a circle we will go (*as above line begins the back row starts around in a circle, the other four quickly falling into line back of them and all in single file pass in a circle at center of stage*).
We will be, full of glee (*move up to form small circle*)
Round the Christmas tree (*all raise holly high and hold it together in one bunch at point above center of circle. As the chorus begins they move apart to form larger circle and march once around in circle from left to right, then all face opposite way and march once around from right to left. Words of chorus same as before. Holly held against breast*).

After the above chorus is finished, four pass to left side of stage, four to right side, come up to corners of front and from there the leaders pass in diagonal lines to point slightly back of center front and all form a half circle ready for last stanza. During this marching the music of stanza and chorus is played but children do no singing. This march is shown in diagram **1.**



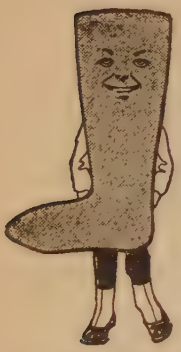
III.

Children all (*point with holly to the audience*),
Large and small,
Love the Christmas trees so tall (*hold holly high above head*);
But beware, have a care (*shake holly warningly at audience*),
Or of gifts you'll get no share;
You must all be good and kind,
Then upon the tree you'll find (*extend holly to front and hold it high, the left hand holding the streamers at left side*)
Some nice thing, book or ring,
Santa Claus did bring (*holly against breast*).

As last chorus begins, four pass to the right, four to the left, go down sides to corners of back, across and form couples at center of back. As the march begins they raise holly and sway it from side to side above head, but as couples are formed those on right-hand side take holly in left hand, each couple raises holly and holds inside hands touching, with streamers held in other hand out at side. Come down center of stage in couples, turn to right, pass down right side and exeunt. As first couple reaches point of exit they halt, face each other, raise holly and hold them to form an arch; second and third couples do the same and the last couple then passes out under the raised holly of the others. The third couple then passes under, followed by the second, then the first couple passes off.

DRILL OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Six Little Boys.



Each boy wears a long stocking extending from the top of his head to about his knees. The stockings should be cut from newspaper or stiff wrapping paper, should be double, a little over two feet wide at top, about a yard long, according to height of boys, and then covered with bright cambric or crepe paper, some red, some blue, others green and yellow. A face should be marked on the front stocking with pen and ink or dark crayon. Each boy should wear a light-weight cap or a handkerchief tied at the four corners on his head to which the stocking can be pinned at back and front to hold it in place. The arms are held close to the sides and good-sized holes should be cut where eyes, nose and mouth are marked to allow boys to see and breathe well. Stockings should be pinned on high enough up to conceal top of boys' heads. Wear dark shoes and stockings. The back stocking which hangs down the boy's back is just like the front one except that it has no face marked on it.

The boys enter in single file and halt across the back of stage and bow stiffly, keeping the body rigid above the knees; then come slowly up the stage to front, six abreast; halt at front and bow again, turn to right and pass around the stage single file, coming back to front and halting. They speak:

FIRST BOY—

We are the stockings, the Christmas stockings,
Who will be hung up on Christmas eve,
To wait for a visit from Santa Claus,
And his generous gifts to receive.

SECOND BOY—
Of course we are lengthy and deep and wide,
For you know we are anxious to hold
Every one of the nice presents he brings,
So good Santa Claus won't have to scold.

THIRD BOY—
I am sure he will smile when he sees us,
For we'll hold all the presents and more;
You know he gets cross when he has to put
Part of the packages on the floor.

FOURTH BOY—
Santa Claus would not fill such large stockings
For the children who're naughty, I fear;
But the boys and the girls we belong to
Have been pleasant and good all the year.

FIFTH BOY—
And what fun it will be Christmas morning,
When the children slip down 'fore it's light,
And find us all bulging from top to toe!
Won't they think we're a wonderful sight?

SIXTH BOY—
Some cross stockings might think it was tiresome
To hang so long by the chimney places,
But we think it's a regular picnic—
Can you see the broad smile on our faces?

Boys now turn to the left, pass down left side and form in line across the back of stage, then come to front six abreast dancing by stepping on right foot then giving a little spring upward on that foot while the left one is held on the floor, stepping forward on left foot and then giving a spring upward with that foot while the right foot is held from floor, etc. On reaching front of stage they halt and sing:

Tune: "Motion Song,—Our Flag."

Some foolish people say 'tis out of style
To hang your stocking up—
That makes us smile!
There is no better way than early Christmas day
Down the dark stairs to stray—and then, oh, say!

There by the chimney place what do you see?
Your stocking brimming full —
Oh, Christmas glee!
Then you begin the fun, find presents one by one,
Can't stop till you are done—joy has begun!

Santa is very glad to find, I know,
Your stockings hanging up,
All in a row;
He likes stockings like me better than a tall tree,
He fills them merrily, chucking with glee.

(*All laugh aloud then bow stiffly.*)

Half of the boys turn to right and other half to left, pass to corners of front, down sides to corners of back then turn and come in diagonal lines to center of front where they halt, thus: • • • • • • and all exclaim heartily:

If you want more fun than a Christmas tree,
Just hang up a stocking that looks like me!

All face about and the boys standing at wide opening of the V lead and files pass to center of sides, then to center of back, form couples and come up center in couples, as shown in diagram. As they come up center they step forward with the right foot, then swing the left foot across in front of the right; step forward with left foot, then swing the right foot across in

front of left, etc. On reaching front of stage the boy on left-hand side steps back of his partner and a single file is formed; pass to corner of front, down the side of stage and exeunt.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

For Six Boys.

Each boy wears long trousers, a long overcoat, a man's stiff hat, a mustache and carries an armful of packages, while bundles of various sizes protrude from each overcoat pocket. Some of the packages carried should be large and some quite small, while some which are to be dropped should contain old knives, tin-ware and articles which will make a noise when dropped.

The boys enter single file and stand at back of stage just long enough to form in line six abreast facing the front, then come up with line abreast but one boy after another drops a package and has to stop and pick it up. Each boy should drop at least two packages before front of stage is reached and as one after another stops to recover his package the line is continually broken and boys arrive at front of stage at different times. When all are at last in line at the front they sing:

Tune: "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Oh, we shall have to stop right here,
Have to stop or we'll drop,
Life is rough and hard and drear,
At this time of the year;
For we went down our luck to try,
We went down, to the town
A few Christmas gifts to buy (*look down at packages*)—
The prices made us sigh. (*Sigh and shake heads sadly.*)

(*Omit music of "Bleating of the Lamb" and begin "Oh, Ain't I Glad, etc."*)

Oh, ain't we glad to get out the bargain stores,
Out of the bargain stores,
With countless aisles and floors;
Ain't we glad to get safely out their doors,
With our packages!

FIRST BOY (*speaks*)—
I bought my wife a red necktie,
A nice big doll for Annie;

SECOND BOY—
I got the children all some toys,
A book for sister Fannie;

THIRD BOY—
I bought the cook a string of beads,
Some dishes for my wife;

FOURTH BOY—
I got my boy a drum and horn
To make us tired of life.

FIFTH BOY—
I bought my wife a breakfast cap—
She'll think it's very nifty;

SIXTH BOY—
For each relation I've a gift—
I'm sure that I bought fifty.

ALL (*shaking heads sadly*)
Of packages our arms are full,
But our pocket books are *empty!*

The boys turn to the right and pass, single file to right corner of front, down right side, across back of stage, up left side and again form in line across front, facing audience. As they pass around the stage they walk as if very tired and act as if the packages were very heavy to carry. One boy after another drops a package and has to pick it up. When again in line at front they sing:

As we were coming down the street,
Coming down, from the town,
There a lady we did meet—
A lady fair and sweet;
We tried to bow and raise our hat,
Tried to bow, but somehow (*each boy puts right hand up as if to raise hat and drops some bundles*),
Down our packages fell flat—
What did she think of that (*pick up dropped packages looking very unhappy*)?

Won't we be glad to get these home out of sight,
Get home out of this plight,
Shopping gives us a fright!
Won't we be glad to get home out of sight,
With our packages!

Half of the boys turn to right, others to left, pass to corners of front, down sides to back, meet at center of back and form single file, come up center single file

and form in line across front as before. While doing this marching the boys walk with greater effort than before. Some of them limping as if foot-sore and bending under the weight of the packages which drop occasionally. When in line at front they sing:

Yes, we have bundles large and small,
Bundles flat, bundles fat (*hold out arms with bundles*);
Gun and doll and horn and ball,
Books, skates, rings, cap and shawl.
And we just want to say right here,
We're not sad, don't feel bad,
Christmas comes but once a year—
Shopping's so drear and *dear!*

Turn to the left, pass to left corner of front, down left side, across back and off stage at right side, marching slowly and singing the words of the chorus to the second stanza, walking as if all tired out and fairly staggering under the weight of the packages. The last boy in line drops a package just before he leaves stage and in stooping to regain it he falls down and has to be pulled from the stage.

THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

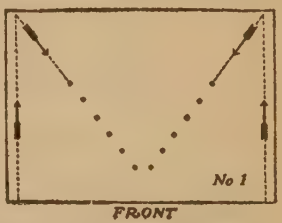
For Twelve Girls.

Each girl wears a white gown and a sash of green cheese cloth or green crepe paper whose ends are finished with a knot of pine or other evergreen; and each carries an evergreen arch made by covering barrel hoops with pine or some kind of greens. About one-fifth of the hoop is cut out to give two free ends by which to carry it. Cover well with the evergreen, fas-

tening securely by winding with heavy cord, then winding with green cloth or crepe paper cut into narrow strips to conceal the cord.

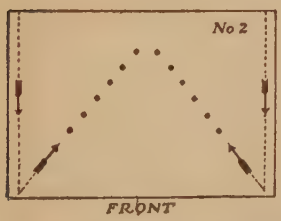
Music: A Lively March.

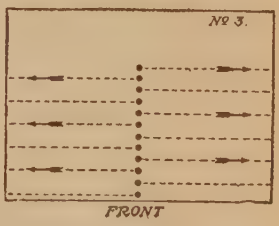
Girls enter in single file, pass across back of stage, up side of stage three feet, turn and pass across to the center of back of stage, then up the center of stage to the front. Here first girl turns to the right, second to left, third to right, files pass to corners of front, down sides to back, across to center of back where files meet and form couples. When they enter, the girls hold hoops with both hands, one at each end of hoop, the top of hoop resting against the left shoulder; as they form couples each one raises her hoop and the hoops of each couple are held side by side, raised and slightly forward from the body. Come up center to front in couples, there the first couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, pass to corners of front, down sides to back, across to center of back and form fours. Each four, with hoops raised and held side by side, will pass up center to front. Here the two on first row on left-hand side will turn to the left, other two turn to right, left-hand couple of second row will turn to left and other couple turn to right, and thus they will form two lines which pass single file, one to left corner of front and other to right corner, down sides to corners of back, then come up and halt in V as shown in diagram No. 1.



As they halt the two girls at the point of the V hold their hoops up to form a frame for their faces; the others on the right-hand line hold their hoops raised and slightly out to the right, then incline head to the right and look through the hoop. Those on left-

hand line hold hoops to the left and incline head to the left to look through them. After holding the pose for certain measures of music, those on left line face left corner of back of stage, others face right corner of back, pass up sides, then form inverted V (diagram 2.) Hoops are held as in opening march while passing to form No. 2, but as they halt the two at apex hold hoops raised and slightly forward, inclining body forward to look through them; those on left line hold hoops raised and to the right of body, inclining head to right so as to look through them; those on right line hold hoops at the left side, inclining head to the left to look through them. Hold the pose as before, then girl from the left leads, girl from the right follows, then next on left, next on right and so on, all coming up to the center of stage to front in single file, each holding hoop raised and in front of body. As the leader reaches front line she halts and marks time then numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 pass to the right, the others to the left, walking sidewise, moving the outside foot to the side ten inches, then moving the other foot over beside it, moving the outside foot again sidewise, and so on. They all face front while doing this march and halt on





reaching sides of stage (as shown in diagram 3.) Hoops held in front of body and raised slightly higher than the top of head. As they halt at sides those on left line hold hoops with top resting against the right shoulder while those on right line hold them against the left shoulder. Stand thus for certain number of

counts; then move back to center of stage, marching sidewise as before; but instead of forming single file come together in couples, numbers 1 and 2 standing side by side, 3 and 4 and so on. As they halt in couples those on left raise hoops and hold them to the right side, the girls on right hold to the left side, thus bringing the hoops of each couple side by side, and girls tilt heads to the side to gaze through them. Hold pose, then number I acts as leader and others in turn drop into line, single file back of her and they pass as in diagram 4, and halt for singing. Those at front of figure face front, others face the back. Hold hoops against left shoulder while singing the stanza, but during chorus the hoops are raised and held forward, each girl step forward with right foot, inclines body forward and head tilted to the front. Those on back line do not raise hoops but hold them against shoulder during chorus.

Tune: "Lilly Dale."

On Christmas day, merry holiday,
To grace the festive scene,
From the fragrant forest or snowy glen
We will bring our wreaths of green.

CHORUS.

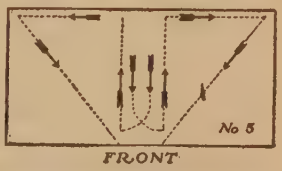
On Christmas, on Christmas, greens hold the sway;
In our homes we will twine,
The fresh holly and pine,
Verdant garlands for Christmas day.

As the chorus is finished all turn to right and marching with short steps they pass around until those who were on the back line are standing where those on the

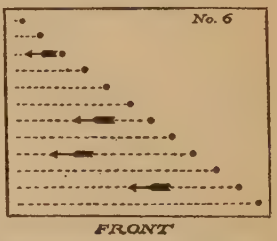
front line stood and the latter are on the back line. While doing this they sing again the words of the first stanza, then all sing the chorus as before, those on front line stepping forward and raising hoops. The second stanza is then sung:

Though the red for brightness we love to use,
And tinsel's silver sheen,
From the fragrant forest and snowy glen,
We will bring our wreaths of green.

Those on back line face about quickly and step forward so as to stand in line just behind the first line. The latter drop onto the right knee and hold hoops so as to look through them; those on back line hold hoops slightly raised and to the front, inclining head forward to look through them. This position must be taken very quickly and is held while the chorus is sung. At the close the three girls on left of front line move to left while other three move to right, thus forming an opening through which the two girls at center of back line come, followed by the two who stood on either side of them, then by the other two, all coming to the front in couples. They are followed by the two who stood at center of front line, then by other two couples and thus all come up to center of front in couples. Here the lines cross, those on right going up left and vice versa, passing as in diagram No. 5. While marching they hold top of hoop against left shoulder, then move it to right shoulder, then back to left, etc. The change is made each time on count four of each measure of music. As the leaders of each file meet at the center of front at the close of No. 5, the lines cross, those from left go to right, those from right to left, go to corners of front, down sides to back, form



across back of stage in two lines, six abreast, facing front. Hold hoops slightly raised to form frame for face and come down to the front six abreast singing the second stanza of the song. Halt at the front and as chorus begins, drop quickly into positions held during the singing of chorus to second stanza before. Then pass to right corner of front, single file, second line falling in back of first, march down right side and from right corner of back go in diagonal line to left corner of front and halt as in diagram No. 6. Hold the hoop at the right side, incline body and tilt the head to the right to look through the hoop. Standing thus sing the chorus of the song, then as the march music is resumed they move sidewise as described before, the one at front taking natural step and each one down the line taking shorter steps than the one ahead so that all will reach the right side of stage at the same time. Those at the back of line merely mark time during the first part of the side-stepping as they have so short a distance to move. When they have all reached right side and are standing there in straight line all face back of stage and pass off.



RED ROSE ROPE DRILL.

For Nine Girls.

Girls dress in white with sashes of red cheese cloth or crepe paper and a red band over the hair with a bunch of red paper roses just back of each ear. Each carries a rope of red roses. For the foundation, use a piece of new, stiff rope, half an inch in diameter,

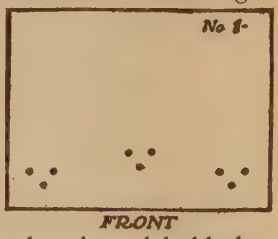
and a yard long. Cover this with some old, thin cloth that will be easy to sew to, then sew on bright red paper roses, fastening the first one at the front side of rope as it is held in the hand, the second one two inches along on the opposite side of rope from first, the third one two inches along on same line as the first, fourth in line with the second, etc. When roses are all sewed on, wind the space of rope between the roses with a narrow strip of green tissue paper to give a touch of green to the roses. To make the roses, cut tissue paper into strips three inches wide and about twenty-eight inches long (according to the width of paper). Every two inches cut a two-inch gash in one side of each strip and curl back each free corner of these gashes with a knife or the edge of the scissors. When these corners of the petals have been curled, roll a strip around the first two fingers of the left hand (the edge of strip which was not slashed being on fingers), slip the wound-up paper off fingers, twist the uncut edge so it will not come unwound, and you have a good-looking and easily made rose.

Girls enter to march music, single file, each carrying the rope with one hand resting in hollow of right shoulder and the other hanging, arm's length down at left side against skirt. Pass down side of stage, across the center of back and up center of stage to front. Each girl on reaching center of back raises her rope and holds it horizontally above her head, coming thus down the center. At front ropes are held as on entering, first girl goes to right, second to left, third to right, and they pass in two files to corners of front, down sides and across to center of back where the first four of each line form couples and the ninth girl remains standing. As each couple is formed the ropes are held to form a Λ, the inner hands raised and meeting. Couples come up center to near front and halt, then she who remained standing at back comes down center, passes under upraised hands of

those forming avenue, and goes to the right. One of each couple goes to right, other to left, and in two files they pass to corners of front, down sides and again meet in couples at center of back while the same girl remains standing as before. This time the couples hold ropes to form a V, the inner hands meeting at about waist line and the outside hands raised high. Couples pass up center and as first couple reaches front all halt, step apart so as to form an avenue between them, holding ropes with outside hands still raised high. Girl at back of stage comes up center, passing between lines, and on reaching the front passes to right corner, all others following, one from right-hand line, then one from left, single file, ropes held as at beginning of march, down right side and from there form lines of three across back of stage. First three in line halt about three feet from back of stage, holding ropes horizontally above heads, hands raised as high as possible; next three on line pass along back of stage and then come through openings between three who have halted, coming through three abreast, halt in front of the first three with ropes held horizontally just above heads, which makes them lower than those on back row; last three pass along back and come through three abreast between the other two rows and halt just in front of the second row with ropes held horizontally just below the faces. Mark time, then come up stage in lines of three, halting as first line reaches front. Here the left-hand girl of second line steps up by first row and these four kneel, the other five forming one line just back of the four. Those kneeling hold ropes horizontally just below faces, while five standing hold theirs horizontally just above heads. Hold them for three measures of music, then those kneeling raise theirs to just above tops of heads and those standing hold theirs below faces. Hold for three measures, then those kneeling hold ropes with left

hand on left hip, right hand raised above head so rope curves around face; those on back line hold them with right hand on right hip and left hand above head. After holding pose those kneeling change ropes with right hand on right hip, left hand raised; the others with left hand on hip and right hand raised. Then all hold ropes horizontally just below faces for one measure (four counts); on first count of next measure hold them with left hand on left hip, right hand raised high; on first count of next measure change to hand on right hip, left hand raised; on first count of next measure hold ropes horizontally above heads; the first count of next measure drop ropes so they are just above necks at the back of head; first count of next measure bring them again to horizontal position above heads; then horizontally just below faces; with left hand on hip and the right hand raised; lastly with right hand on hip and left hand raised. These changes are made quickly and with precision as if by one person. Those on front line then stand.

Now the two girls nearest left on back row and girl at left on front row form a group; two girls at the right on back row and girl at right on front line form a group; girl at center of back line and two at center of front form the third group and they stand as in diagram No. 1.



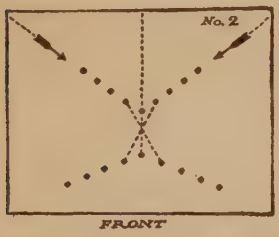
The center girl of each group kneels and holds her rope horizontally above her head; the other two girls stand at either side and just back of her and hold ropes to form a

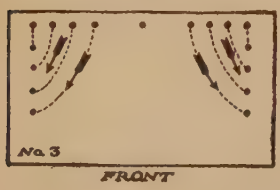
the rope of the one kneeling forms the base. Hold for several measures of music, then the center girl of each group stands, the other two kneel and they hold ropes to form a

The one who stands holds her rope horizontally in front of body at about height of shoulders. Hold the pose as before, then kneeling girls rise, one girl of center group goes to group at left, one goes to group at right, the other one remains standing alone. This makes two groups of four each and they stand in small circle, ropes held horizontally above heads, the right hand of each girl in the group at right of stage meeting at a point above the center of circle and held touching while they rotate. The girls in left-hand group have the left hands touching, so one group rotates to the right and the other to the left. After rotating twice with the ropes raised and held horizontally, each group faces about and they rotate twice in the opposite direction. The girl who stands alone raises rope above head as do others and she rotates very slowly, taking the same length of time to turn around that the groups do to make two revolutions; then as they face about to rotate in opposite directions she also turns and rotates once slowly in the opposite direction. Girls of each group next face about, drop hands that touch, still keeping them touching but holding them down low and the hands at outside of circle raised high, thus bringing the ropes high at one end and low at the other. They rotate once thus, then face about, drop hands that were raised and raise those that are held touching, thus bringing the high end of rope at the center of circle and rotate once. While the two circles do this the girl who stands alone remains motionless

with hands extended at sides and rope held across chest.

The group at left then passes single file down left side and other group down right side of stage, while she who stood alone marches slowly backwards down center of stage to back. When the files reach corners of back they come to center in diagonal lines and the girl marching alone comes back up center and stands to form apex of the V. All halt and those on right side hold ropes with left hand at hollow of left shoulder and right hand raised high; those on left line hold right hand at hollow of right shoulder and left hand raised high; girl at apex holds her rope above her head, both hands raised high. After holding the pose those on left line go to right and others to left, lines crossing; girl at center moves forward a few steps and they form a Λ. Ropes are held the same as during the last pose, thus bringing them all toward the center of stage. These poses are shown by diagram No. 2. After holding the second pose the girl at the center leads, all face about and follow in single file, girl from right then one from left dropping into line, pass down to center of back, first girl goes to left, second to right, third to left and halt along back of stage, last girl in the line remaining at the center of back. All face front, then march as in diagram 3, the girl nearest center on each line taking usual steps, each next one taking shorter steps, so all reach sides of stage at same time. All face about and march as in diagram No.





4. The girl who was at center of back remains there until now and as the lines come from sides she comes up center reaching the point x at same time others form line across stage. During these marches the ropes are held as in opening march. After the line across front is formed all face the left, pass down left side, across back, up right side and from stage. As they face left ready to march rope is held with right hand in hollow of left shoulder and left hand out at left side arm's length. On first count of next measure change to left hand in hollow of right shoulder, right hand out at side; on first count of next measure change back to left shoulder, and so during rest of march.

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